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The Reality of the Crisis

THE cardinal fact about the Cabinet crisis is that the three members of the Government who have resigned were all working in Departments directly concerned with the rearmament drive. Mr. Bevan at the Ministry of Labour, Mr. Wilson at the Board of Trade, and Mr. Freeman at the Ministry of Supply, were quite exceptionally well qualified to measure the effect on our economy of the decisions taken so hurriedly last December. At that time, it will be remembered, the Cabinet, acting under extreme pressure from Washington, decided to increase the arms Estimates from £3,600m. to £4,700m. and to telescope a five-year programme of production into the next three years. In his letter of resignation, which passed almost unnoticed in the scurry of more dramatic events, Mr. Freeman reveals that the proposal to spend £1,300m. this year on Defence production *had not been accepted by the Ministers concerned*; and it is common knowledge that the view of the Supply Ministers was shared by some at least of their Service colleagues.

The clash, in fact, came between the Prime Minister, the Foreign Secretary and the Chancellor on the one side, concerned with foreign policy and finance, and those executive Ministers who are virtually excluded from high-level decisions and yet have to translate them into action on the economic front. The Big Three decreed that the new, enlarged programme *must* be accepted as the basis both of the Budget and of our general economic policy; the Supply Ministers replied that this was physically impossible in prevailing conditions, except by the use of measures which would do grave—perhaps permanent—damage to our civil economy. After a period of increasing tension, which lasted from January until Budget Day, the conflict was resolved by the resignation of the three members of the Government who continued to hold out against the categoric imperative of the triumvirate who make policy.

There was a danger, early this week, that the great issue involved would be submerged by the recriminations which are the inevitable consequence of a Cabinet crisis. It is no secret that policy disagreements within the Government had been emotionally sharpened by the personal antagonism between Mr. Bevan and Mr. Gaitskell, and in particular by their clash on the subject of the Free Health Service. So long as Sir Stafford Cripps was Chancellor, Mr. Bevan could feel sure that, in the last resort, he could defend the Health Service against all comers. Sir Stafford valued Mr. Bevan as a colleague, and was prepared to ride out the storms which his temperament arouses. Mr. Gaitskell shares Mr. Morrison's very different estimate both of the Health Service and of the Minister who built it. They wanted a show-down to clear the air; and they knew that, if they stood firm on the 50 per cent. charge for dentures and spectacles, they would get it—and win.

But for both sides the Health Service was the occasion, not the cause, of disagreement. The underlying issue was the absolute priority accorded to rearmament in the Budget. Mr. Gaitskell would probably not disagree with Mr. Wilson and Mr. Freeman in their factual estimate that, with raw materials in such desperately short supply, we shall not succeed this year in spending £1,300m. on Defence. But, with Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison, he held, first, that the price of American support in the defence of Europe was to announce these figures and to try to spend them; and, secondly, that we must do this without resorting to the rationing and controls of planned economy, even if this means, as it certainly does, an inflation which falls most heavily on the lowest income groups. It was his refusal either to budget on the basis that Defence expenditure would fall short of estimates, or to raise further taxes in order to maintain the social services in a period of austerity, which precipitated the crisis. Both sides see the 1951 Budget as the precedent for 1952. The three Ministers who have resigned believe that, whatever Government is in power next April, the precedent threatens the achievements of Socialism since 1945, whereas Mr. Gaitskell claims that the achievements can only be saved by sacrificing "the frills."

The first reaction of the Labour Party, inside and outside the House of Commons, has been one of extreme resentment and alarm. The Budget had proved quite unexpectedly popular; and constituency parties, preparing for municipal elections, were thankful to Mr. Gaitskell for small mercies, which had not been vouchsafed them by Stafford Cripps. So was the vast majority of the Parliamentary Party, which is always more concerned with the state of the Gallup Poll than with remote economic consequences which the man in the street has not yet begun to feel. Inevitably, the resignations were condemned as an act of disloyalty, and there were dark suspicions of Mr. Bevan's motives. The obvious facts that it is a Minister's duty to resign if he cannot conscientiously accept a Cabinet decision on high policy, and

that resignation demands courage and self-sacrifice, were overlooked by colleagues scared that a split in the Party would cause an immediate and catastrophic election. These fears were increased by the tone of some parts of Mr. Bevan's resignation speech. Since then, however, they have been partly allayed by the assurances which the three ex-Ministers have given that they have no intention of organising a conspiracy to overthrow the Government: on the contrary, they intend to do their duty in the division lobbies, while seeking, by all constitutional means, to persuade the Labour Party of the rightness of their views.

Mr. Bevan and his friends should not underestimate the difficulty of this task. A monolithic Cabinet, purged of every Left-wing element, the whole machinery of Transport House and an almost unanimous press will be against them. They will be watched even by their friends in the Labour movement for any sign of "disloyalty," and they will be embarrassed by support from Communist and pacifist circles, with which they have nothing in common. We believe, however, that they start with one great advantage. Their diagnosis of the disastrous results of present policy will almost certainly be confirmed before the year is out; and, if they are prepared to be patient and put forward a constructive, Socialist alternative, they will slowly but steadily gather support for what is still an unpopular view, understood only by a small minority of Socialists. Finally, they can be sure that, by stimulating controversy within the Labour Party, they will be helping not only to keep it alive, but to strengthen it for its electoral struggle. British Socialism will lurch disastrously to the Right unless there is a minority of politicians willing to go into the wilderness to blaze a new way to the Left.

The Battle in Korea

When his forces were flung back from the Yalu River and conducted their dramatic retreat beyond the Parallel, General MacArthur was, and is, suspected, of having exaggerated the Chinese "mass offensive" in order to panic Congress into authorising him to carry the air war into Manchuria and China. This time, there seems no reason to doubt that the Chinese counter-attack which has badly dented the U.N. line is substantial; but General Ridgway's statement that the present battle "may well be decisive" needs qualification. If we are to credit the "unofficial estimates" carried from Tokyo by the news agencies, the joint strength of the Chinese and North Korean forces directly engaged is under 250,000, with a comparable number in reserve; and there is no sign yet that the Chinese are committing either their armour or the considerable air force which they have apparently amassed across the Yalu. Thus the preponderance of numerical strength required for a "decisive" offensive capable of driving General Ridgway's reinforced and more heavily armed divisions into the sea is probably lacking. It is conceivable that if the present Chinese counter-offensive fails, Peking may be more amenable to suggestion that truce talks should be begun without the preliminary stipulations which have so far precluded them. On the other hand, it is equally possible that, if they are given no assurances about Formosa and a seat in the U.N., the Chinese may persevere, regardless of losses, in a war of attrition.

Truman and MacArthur

Among the noisy "rooters" for General MacArthur, the President's supporters seem to be outnumbered. The more sensible and liberal Senators, such as McMahon, Lehmann, Kerr and Humphrey, have indeed spoken in his defence and argued the folly of extending the war against China. But, even on the Democratic side, there are important spokesmen for MacArthur and war. Senator Douglas, for instance, insisted last Saturday that Formosa should be withheld from the Communists, that Peking should be excluded from the U.N. and the Japanese peace treaty, and that the war in Asia should be "less limited." In coupling this view with a polite attack upon Britain and the Dominions, Mr. Douglas has, in academic language, identified himself with the latest diatribe of Senator McCarthy, who declares that the firing of General MacArthur was "done by the sinister, tentacled monster conceived in the Kremlin and given birth by Acheson, with Attlee and Morrison as midwives."

Such a broad working alliance reflects the strength of the pressure on the President, just as the roar with which Congress greeted MacArthur's demand that Formosa be retained served notice on the White House that it must exclude the island from any peace proposals that may be under discussion, and that if the British dislike this they must lump it. Indeed, the reception which MacArthur's address has received around the Capitol and in the press has clearly made a sensible U.S. policy in the Far East far more difficult to formulate and, as things stand, almost impossible to execute. Already, a Military Mission is off to Formosa. Thanks to the smear tactics of the reactionaries and the China Lobby, the President and the State Department are being made prisoners of the policy they opposed. Even if Mr. Truman and the Joint Chiefs of Staff are able, with the publication of documents now promised, to refute the false claims of MacArthur, and to indict both his actions and his policies, in the present inflamed state of U.S. opinion this may make little difference. For the argument seems less concerned with the constitutional and technical aspects of MacArthur's role, than with the basic question of whether it is good politics and good strategy now to spread the war. No doubt, when MacArthur appears to testify before Senate Armed Services Committee next week, the Administration will be ready to present its case. But will it face the real issue? That is whether Mr. Truman is to run before the wind and perhaps lose America's allies in Europe, or keep those allies by making a real fight against his domestic opponents and advocating a constructive policy to settle the Korean conflict on terms which would be acceptable to the other U.N. countries and have some chance of winning a response from the Chinese.

Policy in the Pacific

The proposed mutual assistance pact between the U.S., Australia and New Zealand is in itself unobjectionable, and will doubtless be welcomed by the Dominions. It may be hurtful to British pride that the Defence policies of two members of the Commonwealth should thus be linked with those of another Power; but the hard fact is that only the U.S. could effectively underwrite the security of the Antipodes in a world war. When Mr. Morrison said that it "would not have been unwelcome" if Britain had been included in the pact, he may have been regretting by implication that Malaya is excluded from the benefits of the U.S. guarantee; but so, for that matter, is Indonesia, which would not sign any mutual pact. The purpose behind the American offer is clearly to forestall opposition in Australia and New Zealand to the re-activation of Japan as a focal point in the "containment" policy on which the U.S. is embarked in the Pacific. During his latest visit to Tokio, Mr. John Foster Dulles seems to have secured the assent of Mr. Yoshida, the Japanese Prime Minister, to the stationing in Japan of four American divisions with strong air support. In return for this doubling of the U.S. garrison, the Japanese Government apparently obtained firm assurances that the peace treaty, in which China is not to participate and from which the U.S.S.R. will probably hold aloof, shall contain no restrictions whatever on the rebuilding of Japan's competitive power and war potential. The parallel with Western Germany is close and uncomfortable.

Troubled Waters

As we write, the strike at the Abadan refinery is ending: the Anglo-Iranian offer of a 35 per cent. bonus to strike breakers had sufficed to prevent the total closure of the plant, and the majority of the workers are back. In Teheran, while Nationalist and Tudeh demonstrations have been making martyrs of the apprentices killed in the Abadan rioting, the Majlis subcommittee on oil nationalisation has reported two alternative proposals to the full committee. These have certain points in common: that a liquidation board prepare to take over the oil industry and arrange a scheme of compensation based on oil revenues; that Persian technicians be trained to replace foreign staff; and that a Persian company replace Anglo-Iranian.

On the face of it, neither of these proposals really meets the facts of the situation. The immediate total replacement of Anglo-Iranian could lead only to chaos, especially in the world-wide marketing sphere, and it is improbable that a wholly Persian staff can quickly be trained to take over the industry. To pay adequate compensation for the outright expropriation of Anglo-Iranian, moreover, would require something more than partial diversion of oil revenues for a limited time, and the Persian State lacks the resources to make other forms of compensation possible. Finally, the proposals naturally disregard the problems of graft and inefficiency that would follow "nationalisation" by the present Persian regime.

None the less, the British Government has to face the fact that changes are necessary, and that the sooner a genuine offer is made, the greater its chance of acceptance. There seems to be merit in a recently canvassed scheme which

would leave refining and marketing in the hands of Anglo-Iranian, but place the ownership of the producing industry directly in Persian hands. Compensation could then be paid by the supply of oil free to Anglo-Iranian for a set term of years. Such an offer would make sense, especially if it were coupled with some arrangement whereby Anglo-Iranian would undertake to train and direct the men who would eventually operate the industry.

Near Deadlock in Paris?

If the Deputies fail, after all, to agree on an agenda for a Council of Foreign Ministers, the breakdown now seems likely to occur on a quibble which would be ludicrous if the consequences were likely to be less tragic. The objection raised by the Western delegates to giving on the agenda the place which Mr. Gromyko demands for "reduction of armaments" is based apparently on the argument that if this item preceded "consideration of the level of armaments" Moscow might contend that the West was committed unconditionally to halting rearmament—above all in Western Germany—irrespective of reciprocal concessions by the East. The implication that a conference's conclusions are determined to this extent by its agenda is surely untenable. It might have been much better if the framers of the agenda had simply put on it three bare words—"Germany, Armaments, Austria"—and left it at that. But agreement on the completion of this simple task would have implied that both sides sincerely wanted the Foreign Ministers to meet.

Meat and Money

At last, the trade agreement with Argentina has been signed, and meat shipments are to be resumed. But the price is much higher, the quantity reduced, and the agreement still only for one year. Nor have the hoped-for concessions on matters other than meat been gained. It had been evident almost from the start of the negotiations that, the longer they went on, the less favourable would the British bargaining position be in face of soaring world prices and the rearmament stock-piling boom. Mr. Webb's advisers miscalculated badly; and in order to get even the present agreement Great Britain has had to promise exports that can ill be spared, guarantees of convertibility if Argentine sterling balances pile up beyond £20 million, and higher prices for meat retrospective for shipments in 1950. In effect, President Peron has scored heavily and the British consumer will soon feel the effect in higher meat prices, to the expected tune of at least 3d. a lb. Unpleasant; but what we must expect, as Mr. Bevan said in his resignation speech, in a world economy inflated by the American attempt to turn over to mass-rearmament at a price bound to dislocate the economic arrangements of every country outside the Soviet bloc.

The Durham Dispute

The Durham County Council has now given way to the Minister of Education and has promised not to continue putting questions to its teachers about their membership of a trade union. In order to secure this obedience to his positive directive, Mr. Tomlinson had to refuse to receive the deputation the Council wished to send to see him, on the ground that he could not enter into argument with a body that was flouting an order he had a legal right to give. On the substantial point at issue, we are in no doubt that the Minister of Education is right, and the Council wrong. If there is to be a "closed shop," it must come about because the employed insist upon it, not because the employer thrusts it upon the employed. It is easy to understand the feeling among trade unionists that it is unfair for non-unionists, who pay nothing, to get the benefits of trade union bargaining; but it is exceedingly dangerous to trade unionism itself to come to rely on the employer to compel the employed to join up—not least because such a system may at any time involve the employer in deciding which particular union the employee is to be forced to join. The danger is greatest in the professions; for which professional associations are to be regarded as trade unions, and which not? We hope the Durham Council will now drop an issue which is of little importance as long as it is left alone.

French Witch-hunt

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The ferocious Press campaign conducted for weeks against Professor Etienne Gilson, the leading French authority on medieval philosophy, who recently retired from the Collège de France and took an academic post in Canada—a country where he had given frequent courses for the last 25 years—is about the ugliest witch-hunt one has seen in France since the Salengro case before the war. That one ended in suicide. This one has, fortunately, fizzled out, owing to the firmness shown by M. Gilson and the courage displayed by a very small minority of papers, notably the *Monde*, which gave a merciless analysis of the origins and the motives of the campaign.

Gilson's decision to move temporarily to Canada was determined by a number of purely personal reasons, and perhaps also by some bitterness at what he thought to be the failure of his famous "neutralist" articles in the *Monde* a year ago. (His line had been that France was putting the cart before the horse by embarking on a policy of "Atlantic defence" without having first secured the material and military means of carrying it out.) The vitriolic attack on him was started in an American review, *Commonweal*, by a professor, originally a White-Russian, named Gurian, who claimed to have heard Gilson say that he was leaving France forever, as he did not wish to live under a new occupation. The Gurian article was promptly picked up (how, one wonders, did they all get copies of an obscure American review?) by *Carrefour*, *Figaro* and other papers. There followed an uproar at the French Academy and at the Collège de France, with strident screams for getting the "traitor fugitive" thrown out.

Alone among the leading French papers, the *Monde* took on the pack of wolves. Gurian, when challenged, had to confess that he had not personally heard Gilson make his alleged defeatist speeches. Eventually, the publisher of *Commonweal* admitted that the Gurian attack had been published in view of M. Gilson's neutralist reputation and "*because American foreign policy was passing through a very critical stage*"—a good reason for a smear campaign!

A few independent papers like the *Monde*, *Esprit* and Sartre's *Temps Modernes* are not content to register the fiasco of the witch-hunt. They ask how was it that such witch-hunts inside France against alleged "neutralists" should be organised in advance in the United States? Secondly, even assuming that Gilson may, in *private* conversation, have made some unfortunate remarks about the future prospects of France, what sort of life is it going to be in France if long ears are to listen for dangerous thoughts, and if the victim is then, without being heard, to be publicly exposed next day as a "traitor"?

PARLIAMENT: Goodbyes To All That

Wednesday

THE Government, said Churchill last week, are holding on to their high office by the skin of their teeth. But even that spectacle is not amusing, if one is oneself struggling with one's toe-nails to reach the same sacred place. In this mutually difficult (and embarrassing) situation, frustration quickly blows up in irritation. Last week, it was over a single vote. In this Parliament, single votes matter. On Thursday, the Tories forced a division on the increase of postal charges; they thought they could win. The Minister of Works, late off the mark, sprinted wildly through the Chamber, brushing past the attendant as he was actually locking the doors of the division lobby. The Tories made a great, though at first good-humoured fuss, about it. A "property" top hat passed and repassed from head to head in a flurry of points of order, at last being spun across the Chamber to enable Dick Stokes to give his disingenuous defence: "I thought that if the door was open I could go through. The door was open. So I went through."

Then the Leader of the Opposition took over. In five minutes the Tories were howling for vengeance, the Labour benches raging in return, Churchill rasping at the Speaker to explain himself, and Mr. Speaker pleading for order. It has all happened so often before in recent months.

And so it might have gone on for ever and ever—if it were not for Nye. On Monday, Bevan stood up in the House to explain his resignation. The House was crowded, tense and silent when he rose to speak. For a while, the magic of his lilting eloquence carried the House into the economic dangers of world stock-piling and the cost of rearmament to the British social services. Faces grew as grave as his at his accusations of indifference to the welfare of Britain on the part of her American allies. Murmurs of approval greeted his claim of world significance for democratic Socialism, and there were even a few smiles at his satirical question to the Chancellor of the Exchequer: "Would he now take his stand on the upper denture?"

Then, abruptly, the House froze again at his attack on the Chancellor. With his accusation of Government bad faith, he lost the ears of his listeners. He sat down in silence—probably for the first time in his life.

On Tuesday, it was Harold Wilson's turn to say "Goodbye." Again the House was crowded, though the promise of Argentine meat had a little dulled the appetite for resignations. Remarkably, Wilson made by far the better speech. Unlike Bevan, Wilson has possibly paid for his resignation with his seat. Certainly, it was a magnificent farewell to office. The House acknowledged it with the cheers it had denied to Bevan.

People who live on mountains, said Nye, know that a little stone dislodges an avalanche. On the Opposition front bench, Mr. Churchill beams benevolently on a world that to his eyes is already altering the pattern of the valleys. But fortune also has a quickly changing face; every generation has its Goschen for a Churchill.

TOM WILLIAMS

Fortune An Honest Woman

AFTER an investigation of impressive thoroughness, the Royal Commission on Betting, Lotteries and Gaming bases its unanimous recommendations on three principles—strict control of organised gambling facilities, fairness to all sections of the community, and the utmost possible publicity through Parliament about the extent and nature of gambling. The Commissioners are satisfied that the last two principles depend entirely on the first.

Close study of the Report confirms a first impression of sanity, reasonableness and healthy scepticism. It accepts the idea that all cannot be happy at once, suggests (in effect) that, for a change, we seek the greater happiness of the greatest number, and offers rational proposals for bringing law, morality, and majority behaviour into some kind of harmony. Its critics, accordingly, will be found well to one side or the other in the endless controversy about the sociology of gambling; and they are already saying that the Report creates as much new humbug about gambling as the old humbug it sets out to dispel, that its validity is destroyed by its assumption that "there are no serious economic or social consequences of gambling," that it is a gamblers' charter, that its proposals about football pools are intolerant, and that it is unfair to bookmakers.

Let us look at the bookmakers first. The Royal Commission would require every bookmaker, whether on or off the course, cash or credit, to obtain from the local justices a "certificate of eligibility" and pay a £100 registration fee. This, says the Report, is "a valuable and necessary means of enforcing compliance with the law." Certified as eligible and duly registered, he could lawfully take bets on any racecourse, or at an office registered with the police—though in the latter case, if punters "resorted" to the office, it must be licensed by the local justices after full inquiry, which the bookmaker must advertise in advance and at which local opposition could raise its objections.

Social conditions have greatly changed in the century since the Betting Act, 1853, made betting shops illegal. That Act did not foresee the great development of horse-racing, of literacy and the "popular" press, of the working-class emancipation as "punters"—or of the telephone. It led directly to credit betting by post, which is legal, and to street betting, which is not.

What the law would forbid and cannot, it had better recognise and control. The licensed betting shops, says the Report, would be open from 10.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m., and not even required to close during racing hours because that would keep street betting alive. They and their books and accounts would be open to police inspection. "Loitering" inside or outside the shop would be an offence, and accordingly there would be no seating accommodation inside and no internal door to any other premises. But there is nothing in the Report to prevent a bookmaker from renting the shop next door as a comfortable ante-room, a subterfuge which it even encourages by insisting that the betting shop itself be on the ground floor.

The virtue of the whole betting shop proposal, however, may perhaps be judged from the fact that the police, the magistrates, and the Home Office approve of it, while the Church and the bookmakers, oddly in unison, say that it would be "socially disastrous." (The bookmakers may be thinking about income tax.) We should say that its success in Eire, where it has entirely eliminated street betting, makes it worth trying here—if only in selected districts.

Prominent among the "registered bookmakers" would be the promoters of football pools. Their premises would accordingly be open to police inspection; but what is more important, their accounts, which have enjoyed the obscurity common to all private companies, would be officially audited and made public through Parliament. For some time the big pools promoters danced away from the Royal Commission, daring them to "find out"; but the monumental calculations submitted by Mr. Hubert Phillips, in support of his convincing theory that the pools are sheer lotteries owing nothing to skill, enabled the Commissioners to compile their own picture and then show it to the promoters. The latter found it so repulsive that they supplied their own figures after all. These enabled the Commissioners to recommend that all expenses charged against the gross stakes on all the pools run by one firm be apportioned among its separate pools, thus defeating the present dodge of inflating the prize on one pool by denuding the others; that the biggest single prize be £20,000 (there is at present an inter-pools agreement that it be limited to £75,000); that "abbreviated permutations" (favoured by a small number of heavier gamblers) be prohibited altogether; and that the pools accounts be audited by an accountant—who would be appointed by the justices but paid by the bookmaker—and published annually.

These recommendations are sound. Sixteen million coupon-fillers, each spending on the average half-a-crown a week, are protected without being penalised; and the pools promoters, when they have licked their wounds clean, will probably see how much worse they could have been.

The greyhound-racing interests get off fairly lightly. Some tightening-up of the provisions about the two permitted racing days per week—at present you can get six by going into adjacent licensing districts, but the Commissioners see no harm in a strictly enforced four (the churches, by the way, thought it should be one); the substitution of "occasional licences" for the farcical 1934 provision which, by allowing eight meetings a year at an unlicensed track, enables promoters and bookies in country districts to move from one field to another and hold as many as they like; and a promoter's percentage of totalisator takings that gets smaller as the total gets bigger.

A recommendation that has attracted surprisingly little attention is the proposal, practically sound if legally revolutionary, that the chance-and-skill antithesis be finally abandoned as the test of legality in gambling—including newspaper competitions and whist drives. It has been used since 1845, when the Gaming Act, by way of legalising innocuous games like tennis and bowls, adopted it from earlier statutes which had equated "skill" with purely military prowess. To-day, it presents the courts with such problems as the cross-word puzzle clue "nocturnal animal" for a word ending in "at," with the cat-bat-rat permutation reproduced perhaps twenty times in one puzzle. The three-fold test proposed by the Commissioners is a sound one: are the chances equal for all, is any toll levied on the stakes, is the entrance fee excessive? (The five-shilling whist drive for a prize not exceeding £20 would be legalised.)

We are not sure that the Commissioners were fully apprised of the affinity between some forms of gambling and some forms of crime, and think it possible that a walk round Scotland Yard's "black museum" might have affected their judgment. But we welcome the Report as a whole, and believe that its proposed reforms would go far to make Fortune an honest woman.

London Diary

THE news of Nye Bevan's resignation reached me on Monday morning when I was one of a party of journalists and M.P.s at a week-end conference in Germany. We only knew the details when someone arriving on a plane from London passed us the morning papers as we waited on the aerodrome for our returning aircraft. "Thank God!" he said, handing the paper to an enthusiastic Labour back-bencher, "that blistering Bevan has gone at last." The feelings of our more politically minded party were less simple. The Tory M.P.s were elated by what they thought was the prospect of an early election in which they would have little to do except stand by and laugh at the Labour Party fighting itself. The Labour M.P.s were correspondingly dismayed, and one Welsh M.P. said as he read aloud Mr. Attlee's deflationary letter: "The Prime Minister's the only Englishman who can score off a Welshman." For myself I agreed that Attlee scored; my view is that a good resignation has seldom been worse managed. But the split, which had long been just visible below the surface, had to become sharp and open, and if I felt cross with Nye it was only on a point of tactics. In brief, if there is an early election with everyone talking personalities and the air thick with recriminations, Labour will fight under great psychological disadvantages. If the election can be postponed until the autumn, and in the meantime a constructive Left-wing policy worked out for presentation to the Labour Party Conference, I am prepared to think the whole affair may prove very much to the good.

* * *

Not everyone realises that the rearmament programme was only accepted by the Parliamentary Labour Party on several assurances. On the first—the issue of China—the Government has not moved from its impregnable position. The second promise was that rearmament should not wreck British economy, which many—including Nye Bevan—always interpreted as

meaning damaging the social services. The third that Britain should insist on a Four-Power conference, not as propaganda but with real determination to reach a *modus vivendi* with Russia, if humanly possible. This last point, of course, also includes the issue of German rearmament, on which Mr. Bevin yielded quite unnecessarily to America—to the dismay of some Ministers and a large part of the rank and file. The problem for several other Ministers has been to choose the moment for digging in their heels.

* * *

A remarkable letter from Kenneth Younger, Minister of State, was read out at the Peace With China meeting on Tuesday night. It was a reply to an inquiry by Tom Driberg who had had a detailed report about the "Voice of America" broadcast describing sabotage activities in China to which I referred in this column last week. The Minister said that he was waiting for the script of the broadcast from the United States, that "Voice of America" items were sometimes relayed by the B.B.C. with an understanding that this material should not be embarrassing to the British. He said that no British soldiers had in fact taken part in such wrecking activities in China and that if there has been such a statement it will be the subject of strong protest on the top level at Washington. Combined with the news of a full-scale American military mission sent to Formosa, such reports seem to confirm the view that Mr. Truman has got rid of MacArthur only at the price of adopting his policy.

* * *

Of the various American articles and pamphlets which have been sent to me to prove that American liberalism is still alive, the most successful is by my friend Mr. Stringfellow Barr, who was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, and for many years an American college president, becoming, in 1948, President of the Foundation for World Government. He calls his most readable and sensible pamphlet *Let's Join the Human Race*. (Published in the U.S. by the Chicago University Press, it can be obtained here from booksellers or direct from the Cambridge University Press, London, N.W.1.) The argument will be familiar to readers of this journal, but comes with far more force from an American since the money required for Mr. Barr's plan would be mainly American. Broadly he appeals for many times as many dollars to be spent on "Point Four." Rearmament, he argues, is very little protection against Communism. People forget that in spite of much talk America's present overseas economic expenditure has been whittled down to a tiny proportion of what experts agree to be necessary if the countries that are threatened with Communism are to cease to have a reason for welcoming it. He writes:

> On February 2, 1950, Senator Brien McMahon proposed ten billion dollars a year for five years as the American share toward rebuilding the world's economy. That is one thousand times as much as the Senate Committee seemed to think adequate. Only one thousand times.

It is a heartening fact that this pamphlet has sold over 100,000 copies in the United States and is still selling fast.

The conference to which I referred was held in the Rhineland in lovely country not far from Bonn; it was called by the Society for Cultural Relations with England. The subject was the press, and I learnt a lot about the entirely new problems of the post-war German press. After the war, the occupying authorities licensed editors and publishers with good anti-Nazi reputations to start papers. Two years ago, however, unlicensed papers were allowed to appear, and it was thought that the licensed papers would recede into the background. In fact, the new papers have to-day only a circulation of something under 2½ million in all Germany, while the older licensed papers still sell to nearly 10 million people. Unhappily, this picture is not as good as it sounds, because while the occupying authorities dispossessed Nazi publishers, they did not dispossess printers or provide any sound financial basis for the licensed papers. The new editors therefore tended to fall into the hands of printers who had mostly been obedient to the Nazis, and who, in many cases, now seem in the position to change the management and to decide the political complexion of the papers they print.

* * *

I learnt, too, about the difficulty of using the German press as a genuine instrument of reform and constructive criticism. Party politics are crude and bitter. The public is apathetic. Germans have never acquired our habit of assuming that one ought to make life difficult for the authorities. The idea that the press can bring about changes in social conditions by creating or representing public opinion never existed strongly in Germany. It died under the Nazis, was not revived under the occupying authorities, nor under the present government. Editors tell me that people just do not write to the newspapers trying to alter things. Commentators, who are both lively and reliable, and capable of seeing several points of view, appear to be very rare. All these psychological defects, I am sure, could be very quickly remedied by the appearance of one or two editors of important papers, who possess courage, reforming zeal, and distinction of mind. But one other thing is necessary. Delane, for example, could not have built up the powerful political position of *The Times* in the 19th century if the paper had not had reasonable economic stability, and he himself had not had independence. These conditions are very difficult to attain in Germany.

* * *

One of the most revealing stories of the week was of a British correspondent who tried to explain to a German the austerity of British economy. The German (who has plenty of meat if he can pay for it), said "Well, you won the war didn't you; you can't expect to have everything!"

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5 - for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

"From Amoeba to MacArthur." An interesting survey of a man's past and—even more important—a glance at his future.—Advt. of lecture in *Bradford Telegraph Argus*. (Kenneth White.)

A woman cyclist, summoned at Stockport yesterday for failing to conform to a Halt sign, complained that a policeman shouted "Hey" instead of blowing his whistle for her to stop. "It was most undignified," she said. "He would not shout "Hey" to a motor-car."—*News-Chronicle*. (D. Higgins.)

When delegates arrive for a course on trade unions, you can pick out the Communists among them—"they arrive by taxi," or so Mr. R. Boyfield, secretary of the Organization Department of the T.U.C., told a Bermondsey Trades Council meeting last month.—*South London Press*. (Allison Piggott.)

Is it not fortunate that there is still left a section of society who give some attention to dress and their personal appearance, and on certain occasions see fit to don grey toppers with morning coats and striped trousers, or on occasion dress clothes with white or black bow? . . . A little more snobbery in our social life might not be amiss. — Letter in *Evening Standard*. (O. Catenburg.)

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

The Banished Duke .. .. ANEURIN BEVAN
Amiens .. .. HAROLD WILSON
1st Lord .. .. JOHN FREEMAN

Duke : Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Breathe we not better in the wilderness
Than in the pomp of State? Are not these wastes
More free from peril than a Ministry?
True is it that we have seen better days,
But though the blast of censure blows upon us
With icy fang and boisterous rude rebuff,
It doth but fortify our constancy
And bracingly confirms us in our course.

Foresters : Under the greenwood tree,
We love to lie with thee!

Duke : Sweet are the uses of advertisement,
For while the press, churlish and venomous,
Maligns our action with gross calumny,
Yet trumpet-tongued it doth convey our words
To Watford, Ormskirk and to Ebbw Vale,
And even to more distracted continents.

Amiens : I joy to see your Grace meet stubborn fortune
With so composed and equable a mind.

Duke : Come, shall we go and slay the Chancellor
In his own lair, like bandits in the bush,
While he with smooth and specious utterance
Glozes the fat and greasy citizens?

1st Lord : What? Will you venture in the public haunt,
Like some poor, wounded and sequestered stag,
Groaning and sighing, while the big round tears
Chase one another down his innocent nose,
Left and abandoned of his former friends
Who jump along and never stay to greet him?

Duke : Nay, by my troth, I'll be no stricken deer,
I'll go and moralize the spectacle.
'Tis just the fashion for the Commons herd
To pass the fallen with averted eye.
Now I shall most invectively pierce through
The body of the House and Government,
And having railed in good set terms, return
To solitude, and all ambition shun.

Foresters : This life is most jolly,
We're not melancholy!
Most friendship is feigning,
Most statecraft mere folly!

Amiens : I with self-chosen exile am content.

1st Lord : I find true liberty in banishment.

Duke : My office forfeit, I still keep my grip
On party principle and "Leftmanship."
Give us some music. We will hunt anon.

Omnes : Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As Clem's ingratitude.

SAGITTARIUS

Paraffinalia

LITTLE publicity has as yet been given to the recent discovery of an extensive oil shale field, about 200 sq. miles in area, stretching westwards from the Lothians towards Airdrie. Yet potentially, for more than one reason, this find is of great importance. It comes at a time when experts are worried about the future of world oil supplies. Not merely does the accessibility of fields depend on unknown factors of peace and war—to say nothing of nationalism—but, like all minerals, oil is a wasting asset, and present world reserves (estimated, perhaps overcautiously, at 11,000 million tons) may not outlast the century if the present rise in demand is maintained. In this country alone, inland consumption, excluding stock-piling and ship-bunkers, grew spectacularly from 9 million tons in 1938 to nearly 14 millions in 1949—a year when petrol rationing was still in force.

All over the world, interest in oil shale is awakening. This is only partially explained by the fact that some oil shale is uranium-bearing. Even in the U.S., where oil wells are rich and numerous, Government backing is being provided for the exploitation of the thick oil shale deposits in Colorado—now regarded as one of America's most important oil reserves. As for Britain, there are several strong incentives to economise in petroleum imports by stepping up the production of indigenous oil. Apart from the fact that the price of imported oil is likely to rise as the "backward" oil-producing countries begin to demand a bigger share of their natural wealth, the "dollar content" of imported oil has to be considered. Moreover, every gallon of home-produced oil contains valuable by-products. So far, home supplies have been insignificant; even in 1943, our best recent year, output of shale oil and petroleum together totalled only 276,000 tons crude. As far as liquid oil is concerned, under-sea borings are in process at Formby, off the Lancashire coast, and hope persists that oil in substantial quantities may yet be reached there; but if Britain, in conditions of siege economy, had to rely more heavily on her own oil, it seems likely that it is primarily shale to which we should have to look.

Shale oil has a history of respectable length. Just a century ago, and nearly a decade before Edwin Drake drilled the first oil well, Dr. James ("Paraffin") Young, a Glasgow chemist, patented his process for obtaining oil from bituminous coal and oil-bearing shale by slow distillation. Established in the early Sixties, the Scottish oil shale industry expanded rapidly: by 1913 its annual production had reached 3½ million tons of shale. Then came the flooding of world markets with cheap oil, eclipsing the modest, relatively more costly output of the Lothians. With a whole troop of Rich Sisters favoured by fortune in Texas, Venezuela and the Persian Gulf, shale became the Cinderella of the oil industry. Shortly after World War I the various operating companies in Scotland were brought under the unifying control of Anglo-Persian, under the title of Scottish Oils Limited. During the Great Depression, a number of the Scottish mines were closed for good; oil workers' wages dropped to a very low level; and the industry appeared to be faced with extinction. It was reprieved by the Government's decision to give a tax differential—now ninepence per gallon—on indigenous oil. With this "shelter", confidence in the industry was restored, and new installations were built.

To-day, improved refineries at Pumpherston and crude oil works at Westwood serve a small, slickly run industry, which employs about four thousand people, operates a dozen mines, and processes about 1½ million tons of shale in a year. In addition, Scottish Oils refine about 50,000 tons per annum of crude petroleum—mainly the output from the humble wells at Eakring in Nottinghamshire. The shale—a laminated mineral, dark tortoiseshell in colour—is too hard to be worked by machines of the coal-cutting type. The method used is to blast it down. Most seams are thicker than in coal-mining, and roof conditions are better. Labour relations in the industry are singularly tranquil: there have been no stoppages in recent years; and, with full employment in the neighbouring coal pits, shale miners' wages have been gradually rising. It is a tribute to Scottish Oils that few shale miners go over to coal, although some rates of pay still lag behind N.U.M. standards. So far, the industry has a clean sheet for lung diseases, though the men believe that pneumokoniosis can be contracted from working with shale, and the tiny Union of Shale Miners and Oil Workers is fighting hard for recognition of dust disease. Official figures for the accident rate are unobtainable—they are merged in the coal statistics—but they are probably about the same as in coal-mining. The industry is, however, ahead of coal in several amenities—notably its good pension scheme—and organisationally, in respect to labour-management relations, it might serve as a model for smaller N.C.B. areas.

The visitor is certainly bound to be impressed with the industry's current efficiency. Nothing is wasted: by-products include vast quantities of wax, high-grade coke, which is nearly pure carbon, sulphate of ammonia, and a well-known household detergent. Another profitable new sideline is an excellent brick—tough, smooth, and of pleasing colour; over 1½ million of these bricks are now manufactured monthly from the spent shale bings—those rosy mountains that seem, like herds of pink mammoths, to graze the Lothian plains. These valuable by-products go far to justify the existence of Scottish Oils; and the diesel oil which the company turns out fuels most of the buses which serve the East of Scotland from Berwick-on-Tweed to Aberdeen. The question is whether this hard-working Cinderella—dependent of the great Anglo-Iranian combine—is destined by the discovery of the Airdrie shale field to play a larger part in Britain's economy.

Unfortunately, this new Scottish "crock of gold" lies, for the most part, at considerable depth—from two to four thousand feet down. Traditional mining engineers are inclined to write this off as an uneconomic proposition: the deepest coal mine in Britain is just over three thousand feet, and "no one is going to send men over four thousand feet down to get shale". Agreed: but new methods of extracting minerals—particularly coal—at greater depths are being gradually evolved. Moreover, a new factor in shale mining technique falls to be considered. A distinguished Swedish engineer, Dr. F. Ljungstrom, has devised a method for extracting the oil of shale *underground* by means of electric heat. His method is to divide the shale field into regular hexagons, at each corner of which a pipe is sunk to the bottom of the shale bed. Resistance elements are inserted into each pipe, and a further pipe for withdrawing the rich gas to a condenser plant is sunk at the centre of each hexagon. The withdrawal pipes run from the top of the shale bed to the surface, while the heating bore-holes extend through the whole thickness of the shale strata.

As far as can be ascertained, this Swedish technique has so far been tried out only on quite shallow seams. Deep bore-holes are costly, and the hexagon would have to be very large to pay. Technical problems are numerous: in shallow ground, fissures are often present, so that fire is easy to initiate; but, with deep bore-holes, starting the necessary fires becomes more difficult. It seems unlikely, therefore, that Ljungstrom's methods can be adapted for work at great depth; but, at shallow depth, it seems almost certain to revolutionise the cost of shale oil production wherever cheap electric power is available. The oil-bearing content of the new field in Scotland has also to be ascertained: at depth, oil shale may deteriorate, some of the oil being baked out by the increasing heat. Scottish shale, however, is among the richest in the world, and, if a clay over-burden sealed the measure, volatisation would be prevented. Hence the quality, even at great depth, might well make exploitation tempting and profitable.

There is a further point. Many of the coal pits in Lanark and the Lothians have been closed down or are under sentence of death. The Scottish N.U.M. is on the warpath for new distillation plants for application to coal. It is arguable that, in some of the doomed "uneconomic" pits, underground gasification of coal might still provide a useful and sorely needed addition to Scotland's power resources. Apart from this, if the new shale find is workable, distillation plants might well serve the needs of both the coal and shale oil industries. The industry which "Paraffin" Young started 100 years ago may still have in Scotland a greater future than even that Glasgow chemist foresaw. HELEN GOSSE

Faith and Morals

IRELAND is a democratic country. At least, Mr. John Costello is Taoiseach, or Premier, of a majority coalition Government. He is now, also, Minister of Health because the Minister of External Affairs, Mr. Sean MacBride, sacked the previous Minister of Health, Dr. Noel Browne, in deference to the ruling of the Catholic Hierarchy.

"As a Catholic, I obey my Church authorities and will continue to do so," Mr. Costello told the members of the Dail, describing how the Archbishop of Dublin had ("kindly") sent for him, the Prime Minister of a democratically elected Government, to impose on him the rejection by the Hierarchy of the "Mother and Child Health Service," launched by Dr. Browne. "There is going to be no flouting of the Bishops on Catholic morals and social teaching," confirmed the Labour leader, Mr. William Norton, now Minister for

Social Welfare. "In Ireland, a conflict between the spiritual and temporal authorities is damaging to national unity," said Mr. MacBride, brusquely ordering his Ministerial, and party, colleague, to surrender his office. "As a Catholic, I accept the ruling of Their Lordships, the Hierarchy, without question," said Dr. Browne, rescinding the Health Service and resigning.

Dr. Browne's dismissal, which in Ireland overshadowed the dismissal of General MacArthur, made practically no impact on the British press. But the incident, empurpled by Irish invective, and the issues involved—not only the power but the extraordinary arguments of the Hierarchy—deserve attention outside Ireland. The full accounts of the proceedings reminded me forcibly of the Moscow Academy's incantations and recantations in the Lysenko affair. They have caused jubilation in the North, even among Tories who would have as little sympathy with Dr. Browne's social intentions as Their Lordships, the Hierarchy, but who have seized on it, not without reason, as proof of the political duress exercised by the Catholic Church.

Dr. Noel Browne emerges from it all as a remarkable young man—he is only 33—who may have bowed to the rulings of the Bishops in the upshot but who, in the exchanges, made it abundantly plain that he thought that they were stretching their interpretation of "faith and morals" beyond their sanction. ("Over the air he defied the Archbishop", said the horrified Prime Minister, telling how the Minister of Health had reiterated in a broadcast all the essential elements of the scheme to which the Hierarchy objected.) Dr. Browne, Jesuit-educated and a medical graduate of Trinity, was an Assistant Resident Medical Superintendent when he entered politics in 1948 as a follower of Sean MacBride in the Clann na Poblachta Party. "I entered politics because I believed in the high-minded principles which you were expounding on political platforms," he wrote in reply to MacBride's letter of dismissal. "I do you no injustice when I state that I never observed you hearken to any of these principles when practical cases came before us . . . I have bidden farewell to your unwholesome brand of politics. . . ."

Dr. Browne became a Minister before he had been a day in Parliament and within eighteen months had abolished queueing for tubercular treatment, provided sanatoria treatment for all waiting patients, and financial help for them and their dependants. He started a £20,000,000 hospital scheme designed to give Ireland one of the best hospital services in the world; a national cancer service; a nutritional survey and the Mother and Child scheme, which brought his downfall. This scheme was the most important of all, for Ireland's infantile death-rate is a black reproach. Its record is the worst in Europe. All other countries have more than halved their rate in the past 50 years; most are down to less than a quarter. "Ireland alone is a clear exception to this rule," says a World Health Organisation report. It is still 75 per cent. of the rate at the end of the last century—an infantile death-rate nearly treble that of England and Wales—83 per thousand, against 30. This infant-sacrifice makes the attitude of the Hierarchy, which regards unrestricted child-bearing as essential to faith and morals, all the more incredible.

The scheme which Dr. Browne proposed to implement (and it derived from an Act of the De Valera Government) was designed to give medical services free, without any Means Test, to all mothers and children, to provide mothers with specialist gynæcological care, and to give health education. Dr. Browne gave specific assurances that "education" would be physical and not moral. Private practitioners were to help to work the scheme. There was opposition (as in Britain) by the medical profession to the free-for-all principle, but Dr. Browne was convinced that he could prevail—until the Hierarchy lined up against him.

The Bishops declared themselves opposed to the scheme on the grounds that it would "constitute a ready-made instrument of totalitarian aggression"; that the right to provide for the health of children belongs to the parents and not to the State; "that it would deprive 90 per cent. of parents of their rights because of 10 per cent. necessitous or negligent parents"; that the whole community would be taxed "on the pretext of relieving the necessitous 10 per cent. from the so-called indignity of the Means Test." They ruled that physical education belongs to the family and not to the State; and that "education" in regard to motherhood implies instruction in regard to sex-relations, chastity and marriage—matters in which the State has no competence. They were afraid that gynæcological care might be interpreted to include provisions for birth limitation and abortion; that the proposed service would destroy the confidential relations between doctor and patient. But their frankly political claim was that "the elimination of private medical practitioners by a State-paid service has not been shown to be necessary or even advantageous to the patient, the public or the medical profession."

Dr. Browne was summoned before the Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishop of Ferns and the Bishop of Galway. He thought he had reassured them. First of all, the "ten per cent." was really the third of the population which is now receiving medical aid under Means Test from public authorities and charities. "Education" meant telling expectant mothers about diet and prenatal habits—"like not smoking." Gynæcological care meant difficulties arising out of mismanaged pregnancies. The doctor-patient relationship would not be impaired by the proposals and the private practitioners were part of the scheme.

But no. The Prime Minister had to appear before the ecclesiastical tribunal. As the *Irish Times* said: "A Mother and Child Scheme with a Means Test is in accordance with Christian social principles; a Mother and Child scheme without a Means Test is opposed to them!"

It was useless for Dr. Browne to point out that no one was compelled to use the scheme or that there was no new principle involved. His Ministerial colleagues, to a man, disowned him. His party, whose programme included the Means Test, publicly repudiated him—an act which made some leading members, including Deputies of the Dail, resign their party allegiance. The Prime Minister's performance in the Chamber was unbelievable. He stated that he and the Cabinet knew nothing of the scheme, although the Minister had been drawing on the Exchequer, although it had figured to the extent of £600,000 in the Budget, and although he had advertised the scheme in the papers and had issued a booklet. The anathema of the Church lay on Dr. Browne and upon him alone.

A few courageous Deputies spoke out for him. One, Captain Cowan, said the disquieting feature was the revelation that the Government of the country was not in fact exercised by the elected representatives of the people but by Bishops meeting secretly and enforcing their views on Ministers. As a Catholic, he objected to this usurpation of authority by the Bishops. He directly challenged the arguments of the Hierarchy. He invoked Father Gemini, President of the Pontifical Academy of Sciences, who "enjoys the closest confidence of the Holy See." This authority had described the British Health Service as the nearest approach yet made to the ideal system. He had described those who opposed free medical services as "people who derive their views from the individualistic tradition of the 19th Century." Fr. Gemini, said Capt. Cowan, takes a line directly opposed to the Irish Hierarchy, and Catholics were entitled to accept his authority on social teaching. And he recommended Catholic doctors to study Fr. Gemini's pronouncements and his statement that "the function of the doctor must become the function of service to the whole community."

RITCHIE CALDER

Malan Sows the Wind

WHEN the Union of South Africa came into being as a self-governing State, the event was hailed as a triumph for liberalism. It was only eight years since the end of the Boer War, yet the defeated enemy was now being given not only control over his own communities, but a share in the governance of the other two colonies as well. A few Cape liberals like Schreiner and Merriman were fearful that the way was now open for the Boers to spread their ideas and traditions to the whole of the country. The Coloured people of the Cape believed that they had been betrayed: they sent a deputation to London, but they were practically ignored. To-day we can see that the Coloureds and the doubting Cape liberals were right. The South Africa Act has been used to foist upon the whole of South Africa, including the Cape, those very Afrikaner conceptions which are the complete antithesis of liberalism in all its forms.

Until 1910, there was no Colour discrimination in the franchise rights of the Cape Colony. All adult males who earned £50 a year, or occupied a house and land with a combined value of £75, and could pass a simple educational test were entitled to vote. At the National Convention of 1908-9 which prepared the South Africa Act, the Cape liberals hoped to extend this equality to the other colonies. They failed; but within the Act the Cape franchise, along with the equality of the two languages, formed an "entrenched clause," which could only be altered by a two-thirds majority of both Houses of Parliament sitting together. This was thought to be an adequate safeguard, without which the Cape would certainly not have entered the Union. The assault upon the principle of equality began in 1930 when European women were enfranchised, whilst the following year all qualifications for European men and women were abolished. These Acts left the Non-European voters as an insignificant minority, but the increase in education amongst Africans brought a fear to the Europeans that eventually they would lose their supremacy. In 1936, therefore, against the strong opposition of the liberal element, Parliament passed by the requisite two-thirds majority an Act which removed all Cape Africans from the common electoral roll and substituted a communal franchise with three European members to represent them. This left only the Cape Coloureds on the roll with Europeans—a mere 9 per cent. of the voters. The Afrikaner Colour policy had prevailed.

The extreme Afrikaner Nationalists, however, were even now not satisfied. Their election programme of 1948 included promises to abolish all forms of African representation and to remove the Cape Coloureds from the common electoral roll. When they assumed office after the election, two obstacles stood in the way of these ambitions. The first was the fact that they had not secured anything like a two-thirds majority, and the second was that they depended on the support of Mr.

Havenga and his Afrikaner Party, who believed they must continue the policy of the late General Hertzog. The General had been very scathing about Dr. Malan's proposal to remove the Coloured voters, for they had been solemnly promised that they would never be treated in the same way as the Africans. They were indeed to be regarded as almost White; and when Dr. Malan first suggested removing them from the roll, his policy was described by Hertzog as taking care "that disloyalty and faithlessness shall be the guiding line of the White man in South Africa in determining and fulfilling his duties as a guardian of the non-European."

The constitutional problem was equally difficult; for although the Nationalists could claim that since the Statute of Westminster the Union Parliament was sovereign and could not be bound by the British South Africa Act, all parties had agreed in 1931 that they were morally, if not legally, committed to observe the entrenched clauses. Even leading Nationalists like Mr. Swart, present Minister of Justice, had agreed with this view, whilst Dr. Jansen, now Governor-General, had given a considered ruling, when Speaker of the House, that the procedure of the two-thirds majority must be followed before the entrenched clauses could be altered.

Both these obstacles have now been swept away. Last autumn, Mr. Havenga withdrew his objections, and at the beginning of this session a Nationalist member, who had already expressed his view that Parliament could alter anything with a majority of one, was elected as Speaker. He has now put that simple opinion into 5,000 words, thus allowing the Government's Bill to remove the Cape Coloured voters from the common roll to be debated. Miracles apart, it will become law in a few weeks' time.

Afrikaner Nationalism is therefore triumphant. It has been in the saddle for less than three years but has already strongly entrenched itself. New immigrants have now to wait five years before becoming eligible to vote; powers have been taken to characterise any opposition as "Communist" and ban it from public life; six new Nationalist members have been added from South-West Africa to double the majority; the United Nations has been defied over the conference with the Indians and the trusteeship of South-West Africa. Now the Coloured vote of nearly 50,000 will be removed from the United Party, which will probably thus lose six seats. In this way, power has been taken to impose on the whole country the Afrikaner policy of White domination and Native segregation.

The European opposition in the shape of the United Party is on very uncertain ground in trying to pose as the upholders of the conscience of the nation on this issue. It is true that all the promises of the White man to the Coloureds have been flagrantly broken, but it is equally true that the United Party took precisely the same attitude when they removed the Africans from the common roll in 1936—except that they had a two-thirds majority. Now, however, the United Party sees its own vote endangered and fights an opportunist battle under the camouflage of conscience.

It is upon the Non-European community that the most important impact of this measure is to be seen. Ever since the Nationalist Government took office in 1948, the Non-Europeans have been slowly convinced that European South Africa is determined to suppress all their political ambitions and reduce them to a permanent position of helots. They have never been deceived by the cynicism of *Apartheid,* which had finally been exposed as a complete sham when Dr. Malan made his violent objection to the self-government of the all-African state of the Gold Coast. In short, the policy of the Nationalists is gradually forcing the Non-Europeans to forget their political and racial differences and form a united front against the Government and the whole principle of White supremacy.

Already the important African National Congress and the Indian National Congress have joined forces with Cape Coloureds in fighting the measure; and the Right-wing Coloureds under C. J. Golding, after two abortive appeals to the Government, have also joined this Franchise Action Committee, leaving only the extreme Left-wing Coloureds under the semi-Trotskyist Non-European Unity Movement, to fight alone on a boycott policy. A national political strike is being organised for May 2, reminiscent of the national day of protest last June. But perhaps most significant of all, the Franchise Action Committee recently received a telegram of support from Nkrumah in the Gold Coast. If the Africans of the continent begin to unite, it needs little imagination to see the logical end.

JOHN HATCH

So They Say . . .

ON Monday, the nation awoke to find Fleet Street in a state of election fever. BEVAN RESIGNS—PARTY CRISIS; ELECTION: PREMIER MUST DECIDE UNDER THREAT OF FATAL SPLIT, cried the *Daily Mail.* CHANCE OF ELECTION NEXT MONTH, ran a *Daily Express* headline. "Back-bench Socialist M.P.s [felt] that Mr. Attlee could be expected to go to the country within weeks, or even days," stated the *Daily Graphic,* even more hopefully. TRAGI-COMEDY FOR WHICH THE TORIES HOPED—DEATH SENTENCE ON THE GOVERNMENT? mused the *Manchester Guardian,* joining in the excited speculation. The *Daily Herald* merely reported the facts of the resignation baldly and, unlike the *Guardian,* did not hint that the Labour party was "sick with anger and anxiety."

Some characteristic images were used to describe Mr. Bevan's action. "If Mr. Bevin's departure may be said to have caused a crack in the foundations of the Government," said the *Manchester Guardian's* political correspondent, "Mr. Bevan has fixed a stick of dynamite in the hole." "Mr. Bevan has not merely left a ship which has for many months been hardly navigable," countered the *Daily Telegraph,* true to the seafaring tradition of English editorial writing, "he has taken the occasion to launch some parting torpedoes." "Who follows [Bevan] off the diving board and into the icy waters of profitless political opposition?" asked the rhetorically curious *Daily Express,* reporting Mr. Harold Wilson's hospital visit to the Prime Minister. At that stage, anyway, Mr. Wilson was apparently successfully concealing his intentions. "Mr. Wilson looked exceptionally serious as he left hospital," reported the *Daily Telegraph.* "He left with a contented smile," said the *Daily Mail.*

What comfort—if indeed he expected any—Mr. Bevan could have found in the press came from *The Times* ("As [he] feels strongly he was entirely right to resign"), the *Guardian* ("His main point is not a negligible one"), and the *Daily Mail* ("He has had the courage of his convictions").

Election agitation was continued in Monday's afternoon papers (*Evening Standard*: BEVAN'S GOING BRINGS ELECTION NEARER), as the *Daily Worker* predicted: "The Tory press will use the resignation to demoralise the Labour Party and force a general election, which they hope to win easily." By Tuesday, however, the plot had gone slightly off the boil. ATTLEE DECIDES HE WILL HANG ON, announced the *Daily Graphic.* BEVAN FLOPS: ATTLEE SAFE—ELECTION OFF TILL AUTUMN? suggested the *Daily Express* sadly, admitting that "every non-Socialist in Britain had looked to Mr. Bevan in the expectation that his resignation speech would precipitate an immediate election."

"It would be most confounding to the Tories," observed the *Star,* "if after all the Government's sensational spring-clean should give it a new lease of life." And by Wednesday, the *Daily Mail* was asking: "What is Aneurin Bevan's little game?" UNEASY TRUCE FOR ATTLEE—BEVAN'S PLEDGE POSTPONES ELECTION, ran the *Mail* headlines. RANKS CLOSED: TORY HOPES DASHED, declared the *Daily Herald* triumphantly, and pictured, with some relief, the Tory press gleefully but mistakenly rubbing its hands.

The *Daily Graphic* editorial was reduced to complaining that Mr. Wilson had contradicted himself within recent weeks, while the *Daily Telegraph* argued persuasively but inconclusively that, taken together, the "fundamental" and the "narrow" issues on which Bevan and Wilson resigned were self-contradictory. The *Daily Express* produced a "tuppence-coloured" version of the private meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party: "Mr. Bevan make a 'screaming' speech . . . Somebody shouted: 'Shut up, bone-head!'" The *Daily Worker* headlined Mr. Wilson's farewell statement WILSON'S ATTACK ON THE U.S. IS CHEERED—and continued its "disinterested" editorial campaign for the "maximum possible unity" of the Labour Party "in the face of the Tory enemy", to be achieved, understandably, only by unity with the Communists.

AUTOLYCUS

Cromford Mill

FOLLOW the road from Ashbourne as it dips steeply down to the Derwent valley: the first thing you notice about the village is that most of the houses have three storeys. How comes it, you wonder, that house-builders in this green country should have added that extra floor which, in the early days of the Industrial Revolution, was so often needed as a dormitory for child labour? In a corner of the Greyhound Hotel's taproom you find a clue. There, facing the dartboard, hangs a dusty engraving of "the old shaver" as he was painted by "Wright of Derby" in 1790. Backed by a noble, tasselled baldachin, he sits solidly on a wooden chair, right hand self-consciously on hip, left hand resting on a table that carries a rack of spindles. A white, striped waistcoat bulges over a tell-tale paunch. High Sherriff of Derbyshire, knighted by George III, Sir Richard Arkwright contemplates the dartboard with a little, satisfied smile: there is even a twinkle, one would say, in the puffy-lidded eyes. This is Cromford, where it all began, and where, for Sir Richard, it was soon to end; two years later, he was dead, before the builders had finished Willersley Castle—now a Methodist Guest House—from whose windows he had planned to survey the cradle of his wealth and esteem.

It had been a long journey—those fifty-eight years before he sat for Wright. First, the early years of penury as a child in Preston, youngest of a family of thirteen; then the Bolton cellar where he advertised "a clean shave for a halfpenny"; then the years spent as an itinerant dealer in hair and wigs. He was over thirty when he caught the period's itch for mechanical invention. Adapting and improving the notions of Lewis Paul and Thomas Highs, he had managed, by 1768, with the aid of Kay, the Warrington clockmaker, to construct a spinning-machine which worked. Leaving Lancashire to avoid the fate of the un-

fortunate Hargreaves, whose jenny had been destroyed by a Blackburn mob, he had found, in Jedediah Strutt of Nottingham, an invaluable partner with access to capital: after trials with a horse-driven pilot plant at Nottingham, the mill at Cromford was started in 1771, driven by the water which had begun to power the still earlier factory built by John Lombe, the silk throwster, fifty years before. From then on, for all the tangle of infringed patents and unsuccessful lawsuits, the thread of Arkwright's career had run to industrial triumph: he had become chief architect of Britain's cotton industry.

People still make pilgrimages to Canterbury and hunt the record of England in stately home and grass-grown battlefield; but few, so far as I know, ever think it worth while to "do" the Derwent valley. Yet here, for the student of economic history, is rich treasure. Milford, where Strutt started a mill in 1780, is still an almost unscathed example of the early industrial village. A few miles away, you may still see the towering coke-iron furnaces built—the earliest in 1780—by Francis Hurt, after the model which Darby had developed some years before in Shropshire. Above all, there is Arkwright's Cromford. The original mill, not noticeably dark or satanic, still stands, and some of the villagers still have pieces of the silver Spanish coinage which Arkwright's workers earned—and spent at his "tommy-shop"—in days when the King's currency was scarce. In the courtyard round which the mill was built, there is no trace now of the old "security" blockhouse once manned in case machine-wrecking should spread to Derbyshire; but underground you can still hear the water trickle through the old sluices and wheels which drove Arkwright's first "water-frame".

To-day, a steam laundry and a concern manufacturing inorganic pigments share the tenancy of the Cromford Mill. Does Arkwright disapprove of these modern tenants? I ask the question because I was assured, not by the "old inhabitant" but by a young, tough-minded example of contemporary Midland Man, that the unmistakable ghost of Sir Richard was seen this winter stumping down one of the staircases in the mill. Does he perhaps resent the conversion into a guest house of the castle which he ordered, but never lived in? Or is his grave rendered unquiet by the thought that shortage of raw cotton, which so troubled him in the American War of Independence, now threatens to be repeated by the inability of nations to enjoy peacefully the fruits of his inventiveness? AYLMER VALLANCE

Cromford.

Name o' Trowell

"SOLOMON," Mr. Nitt queried, lowering his voice, while looking cautiously round the taproom of the "Dog and Duck" as though suspicious of bare benches, "what's the British Empire?"

"That's same as England, Uncle," replied Mr. Woodpecker confidently.

"Then, why don't they say so, stiddy making a mouthful on't," asked Mr. Nitt sharply. "An' what's a Festival, Solomon?"

"That's same as a Fair, Uncle," Mr. Woodpecker explained. "Roundabouts an' a band o' music an' wild animals, if anybody got sech."

"I bin up street, Solomon," said his uncle, "an I bin to the shop an' Jarge Barrow talked tremendious. He's proper vexed, is Jarge. He should say they got a Festival o' Britain, meanin' England, an' that they are gooin' to hold it somewhere in th' Sheers. I towd him I couldn't hardly believe in sech gooin's on, an' he up an' took one o' his bills an' wrote th' name o' the' place f'r me an' I took it f'r to show you." So saying Mr. Nitt took off his cap and produced from the lining a bill head with printed heading *The Stores, Great Mudford.* Mr. Woodpecker examined the words written below and read them with a certain hesitation, "Trowell, Notting-ham-shire."

"There's f'r ye, Solomon," cried Mr. Nitt, "they bin an' gone to th' Sheers. Jarge Barrow think it all bin done in Lunnon f'r aggravatin' honest folk," he added.

"Then I count that'll ha' bin a dirty bit o' them what lives there," said Mr. Woodpecker, stroking the beard that was once as golden as a sunset but has now lost its radiance and is grey. "We don't want to goo to th' Sheers f'r a trowel, there ain't no forecast in that."

"Jarge Barrow should ha' said that if they want a purty village we got half a dozen on 'em from Maychester to Market Waldron an' everybody gotter allow that's true," continued Mr. Nitt.

"We've had forever o' fairs here afore, an' we kin hav' one agen," agreed his nephew.

"Trowels an' Sheers," said Mr. Nitt contemptuously. "There's things in this here world nobody can't understand no how." So saying he made himself as comfortable as a rather hard inglenook will permit and slept.

The Man from Mudford, the Tempor'y Man, Elijah Bird, Mr. Timm and Seth Argent came in shortly after six o'clock but Mr. Nitt did not stir, while to one and all Mr. Woodpecker explained that his uncle bin some wunnerful upset about the Festival of Britain and some obscure village in the Sheers, name o' Trowel. One and all disclaimed knowledge of the place while agreeing that, since it was in the Sheers, it could not be worth knowing.

Mr. James Blite, looking in for a modest half-pint informed the company that Mr. Eliphaz Hunks of the Methodists (formerly Peculiar), under whom he "sets," had declared that Festivals are no substitute for righteousness. "He should ha' said he doesn't howd with sech gooin's on," concluded Mr. Blite, "an' I reckon he knows what's what."

The voices in the "Dog and Duck" had a female echo. Round the pump the village of Trowel has been scorned by right forward women. "Imperence" is the least offensive comment on its unwarranted pretensions.

It follows, therefore, that the Lady of the Manor met with no adequate response when she addressed the Maychester Women's Institute to propose that her grounds should be opened for a feet (or fête), the proceeds to go to that deserving cause, the A.S.S. (Association for Suppression of Socialism) of which she is a vice-President. She spoke of a charge for admission but said nothing about refreshments, and Maychester, together with all the villages from Market Waldron to the sea was deeply annoyed.

"You don't wanter give a feet an' ask people to pay f'r it," declared Mrs. Martha Ram, that outspoken woman. "If so be other people pay f'r it, that's their feet by the good rights. I don't howd wi' everything Jarge Barrow sez, I've towd him so to his head more than once, but there is whiles he tell ye th' truth. He should say that he don't think nawthen to places in th' Sheers, ne yet them what live there, ne yet them what imitate it's th' proper place f'r a Festival. We've allus kep' ourselves to ourselves like an' lived respectable, so furriners can't teach us nawthen, ne yet sheermen."

"I 'ouldn't goo to sech a place if they went down on their bended knees and gimme a return ticket," declared Aunt Priscilla in support of the general feeling of resentment and disgust.

Maychester's contribution to the Festival of Britain is likely to be negligible. S. L. B.

The Arts and Entertainment

FESTIVAL PREVIEW

UNDER a blue sky—the first, it seemed, of the year—we showed our passes and ascended the Bailey bridge for South Bank: reporters, ahead of time. In a fortnight, with everything (or nearly everything) spick and span, the turnstiles would click into place, and thousands would swarm where we gingerly trod. The sun shone; the big yellow spinners like paper windmills moved fitfully on flagpoles; behind and below was an old world (coal barges at that moment sliding with a crabwise motion downstream), ahead rose the new. How the windmills spun, how the glass flashed and the paint stared! This promise of the brand-new elates as easily as an untarnished ha'penny. It's a pleasantly delayed approach, with every foot offering to the Londoner unfamiliar views; and minutes before we had finished crossing the Thames—for so long in these metropolitan reaches dissociated from pleasure—we'd been aware of the bright waterfront and that elegant poised pencil, high as Big Ben, the Skylon.

The tiers of the marine parade (this can't really be London!) hold all the surprise of a liner docked overnight. Here, at last, is a wide-viewed restaurant on the river: South Bank dinners will no doubt survive the festivities to instil a habit as popular as concert-going in the Festival Hall itself. I don't know, by the way, how far we are going to enjoy that Hall. One's first impression across the water has been of some bleak hangar or factory, and this disappointment only half vanishes with the revelations of the front facing east. Much, of course, will depend on how we fare musically within. Its doors were locked on the press-view morning against sightseers and echo-mongers. Silence will be broken, for gold or for lead, on May 3.

But, from the restaurant window, we have already been lured by less permanent frolics. That row of little white poplars, for example, swaying and flickering in the sunlight; closer inspection reveals them as fountains, with—the real exhibition touch—at the heart of each a flaming fishtail. Wonderful! And hints of the lightly miraculous are continued by the already famous Dome of Discovery, a curved silver lid against the blue, and of course the biggest dome in the world, or what would it be doing here? The apprehension of size grows enormously when we enter: this will be for most people the Exhibition's biggest thrill. Then, cosmic waves may be seen and perhaps heard from the apparatus in the shot tower. Fabrics have borrowed beautifully from the enlarged forms of crystal and hæmoglobin and the atom itself: its nuclear pattern serves for a very agreeable wall-paper. Who could dream of wars at an exhibition? Here science smiles; everything is a quickstep progress from the ape to the man-machine; and so bemused are we after a while that an ordinary green bus, given its pedestal among the wonders of the universe, dumbfounds us no less than the conjuror's rabbit out of a hat. It is no mean conjuring feat, at the present crux of the world's affairs, to have staged this Exhibition at all.

Of course, it has no right to be there; it's off the ration: that will be its main charm. Here is one blitzed site, among hundreds, that has outrageously sprouted glass and aluminium and concrete, and the trouble is going to be, not that (as the grizzlers have been complaining) nobody will want the thing, but that everybody will be trying to join a queue that will stretch from Waterloo to Land's End and back.

We, the professional rubber-necks, enjoyed ourselves the easy way. What spaciousness these 27 acres seemed to enclose, how pleasantly we could idle through Transport and Power and the English Character (by far the gayest of the pavilions) and Outer Space, checked only by the wet

concrete, the workmen trundling barrows and shinning up scaffolds, the artists feverishly adding a last tint to King Charles's head or the teak forests of Burma. As the price of this preview, a good deal had to be taken for granted, to be filled in from memories of other exhibitions. This won't be a Paris 1937, or a Wembley, with stadiums and the sun setting on whole Empires. On the other hand it doesn't dangle on the wrong end of an irritating train journey. It's in and of London; it promises a South Bank that will go some way towards reclaiming the most self-neglectful capital in the world. Apart from that I shouldn't like to forecast, from the very sketchy appearances of which I have been given a glimpse, whether its organisers will have achieved the particular success of restriction they aim at or not. But it's a windfall. And—better late than never—there's still the Battersea joys along the river, to come.

G. W. STONIER

A DOUBLE DISAPPOINTMENT

I HAVE been trying out a number of periphrases in order to soften what I felt about Mr. Hugh Hunt's production of *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* at the Old Vic, but each time my indignation gets the better of me and I am finally driven back to stating my opinion quite plainly, that it is indefensibly bad. I have heard it excused on the grounds that even if it is not a very good version of the Shaw play, it makes an amusing evening. Personally I did not find it so, but even granted that, it is surely the business of the Old Vic to give, as far as their resources allow, faithful (which need not mean unimaginative) interpretations of the classics, not to have fun at their expense. It may very well be that Mr. Hunt found the play, when he came to do it, less amusing than he remembered. But even so, it is presumptuous of him to suppose that his humour is superior to Shaw, even non-vintage Shaw. It is not. And in trying to substitute his idea of a joke for Shaw's he has quite simply ruined the play.

Or it may be in the interests of some perverse and wayward theory of production that Mr. Hunt has chosen to violate the most elementary rule of comedy. This is that it should be played with an absolutely deadly seriousness. (Watch Costello, watch Mr. Robertson Hare!) If we are given some simple joke, such as a pompous man falling on a banana skin, it follows that the more pompous the man is made to be, the funnier the joke. Not, *of course*, the "funnier" the man, the funnier the joke. On the contrary, to make the pompous man a "funny" character is to rob the joke of its most important element. Mr. Hunt must know this as well or better than I do, and yet he has elected to do it. The outline of the humour in *Captain Brassbound* is the wildly incongruous situation in which well-known English types—a Judge, a clergyman, a cockney guttersnipe—are placed. And the more solidly and seriously their type of Englishness is suggested, the more incongruous and so the more funny their situation is. Once you begin fantasticating them as John Drinkwater is fantasticated, or scoring off them as Sir Howard Hallam is scored off, once you make them ridiculous in themselves, you begin to weaken the fun. This is what Mr. Hunt has done. "We are funny characters," proclaims each of these personages by their appearance and their gestures, from the missionary who opens the play right through to the American captain. You may or may not find them so; you may or may not laugh at a Drinkwater tittupping about on his toes, or at the inaudible Scotch accent of the missionary, Rankin, or at Sir Howard Hallam's funny clothes. But in any case, by getting this kind of laugh they slowly murder the real joke, the author's joke.

That is the first and general charge against this production, but it is not the only one. Let us grant that Mr. Roger Livesey and Miss Ursula Jeans are neither of them ideally cast; yet they are highly accomplished players, and could certainly bring off the main effect, if they were allowed to. Let us also grant that one element in *Captain Brassbound* is now quite lost to us: I mean its ironic reference to the melodramas which still held the stage at the time it was written. The rather absurd narrative, with its concealed relationships, its abductions, its fights and counter-fights, was a joke against a kind of play which is now quite forgotten. But one can't, just for that reason, turn the whole of that side of the play into a skit, without quite losing the main point of Lady Cicely. This early essay in the anti-romantic principle only works if there is a huge romantic bubble for her to prick. Captain Brassbound must be that bubble, blowing himself out with braggadoccio and self delusive gestures. It loses everything to play him as a rather gruff officer of the Merchant Marine a little puzzled about his future. Seldom can that grand comic scene with Lady Wayneffeete puncturing the Captain by mending his coat have gone for so little. Of course Captain Brassbound should be brought down to earth from the highest of heights. Here he had never been allowed to leave the ground. So, too, the effect of Lady Cicely's quiet management of the ruffianly crew is hopelessly lost, unless the crew take their ruffianliness seriously.

In the general fuzz of high jinks and grotesqueries (what *was* that nodding moon face of a Negro supposed to be doing?) it was hardly surprising that line after comic line should be lost, that the dazzle in the dialogue should be sadly obscured, for the text was not apparently what Mr. Hunt was interested in. Not long ago I wrote that Shaw was mercifully foolproof. I was wrong. But I regret that it should be the Old Vic that proved me in error.

Our regret about *Waters of the Moon* is of another kind. It is that visitors this summer will not see our incomparable Edith Evans in a play worthy of her. This is a sad piece of irresponsibility on the part of our theatre. *Waters of the Moon* will, all the same, find a large public, the public which so enjoyed Miss Dodie Smith's plays before the war, though they may find this a little slow and a shade too long (whenever Dame Edith is off-stage). Mr. N. C. Hunter, the author, has added to the formula some rather crude borrowings from the Russians, but his play remains essentially a cosy middle-brow, middle-class piece, inhabited by characters by no means unfamiliar in brave old Theatreland; which anyhow gives everyone a chance to play their own selves without bothering about acting. There is Dame Sybil Thorndike, type-cast nowadays, it seems, as a lost relic of the poor, dear upper-middle-classes, here protestingly living out her old age in a Palladian mansion turned into a hotel; there is the maid-of-all-work daughter of the house, whom Miss Wendy Hiller plays with real pathos as Wendy Hiller, and there is her sad brother with a weak chest and wistful line of reverie (Owen Fellows); there is Miss Kathleen Harrison, who doesn't really fit into the play at all, but you know how splendid Miss Kathleen Harrison is when she's being Miss Kathleen Harrison. Mr. Harold Scott knows his Chekhov well, so who more suitable to potter round with a gun and drop off to sleep and mumble a mercifully inaudible platitude or two about life, or youth, or the birds. And Mr. Leo Bieber is a refugee from where but gay, old, waltzing Vienna.

Their Rolls-Royce having skidded into a ditch, enter upon these scenes of genteel poverty the abundantly endowed Lancasters, wife, husband and very pretty daughter (Patricia McCarron). One way of describing this play would be to say that it is the kind of play which inevitably has Mr. Cyril Raymond in it, very English gentleman, saying consequently nothing, but indulgently smoothing an occasional ruffle with the offer of a manly handshake. His prime indulgence if for his madcap wife (half-French, you know, and the widow of an Italian), a charmer with a vitality that knocks everyone endways. Had this part been played for the self-centred bitch that lies under the character, the play might have had a little edge. But there it is. Dame Edith gives a dazzling performance as Dame Edith. She is, as we all know, fabulous. She lifts the whole thing out of the decent, ordinary range in which it is written, and by doing so in a sense splits it right down the middle. But mesmerised by her art even when she is only putting on a pair of gloves, I at last understand what I have never before been able to fathom—how people were able to sit through *The Bells* for the sake of watching Henry Irving. Of course *The Bells* was a shorter play.

T. C. WORSLEY

DEGREES OF EXPANSION

WE have only to sit down at the piano and strum—or improvise, if our efforts justify the grander word—to be faced, quite soon, with one of the composer's stock problems. How far shall we expand our material? We fish out of our subconscious some scrap of melody or figuration, push it through one or two transformations and modulations, and allow the thing to boil up to some sort of climax. What next? Shall we continue to explore the possibilities of the original idea in some new light, or is it time to introduce something fresh?

Though I have posed the dilemma in crude terms, some such choice often confronts a composer. He has in his mind a generalised idea of the total shape of his composition; also, no doubt, a conception of the ideal listener—even if that ideal listener be himself. To realise the imagined scheme, and to satisfy the ideal listener, he must avoid two extremes. A single seam too thoroughly worked may suggest a niggardly invention; on the other hand, the continual infusion of fresh material may denote an incapacity to concentrate or to think in the large—what the advertisements call "a grasshopper mind."

The most various solutions of this problem can justify themselves in different contexts and different imaginative worlds. Beethoven can introduce into the coda of the first movement of his Ninth Symphony—one of the tautest structures ever raised by a musician—a totally new idea which makes an effect of complete inevitability. Bach, belonging to the age of massive sermons and three-hour services, often, for my taste, overworks his material, especially in the organ music and in parts of the B minor Mass. Only the Pluperfect Wagnerite is sure, during the four long evenings of *The Ring*, that he has not heard the Curse, the Treaty or the Fate Motive once too often. Verdi stands at the opposite pole, filling (for example) his Requiem with the most astounding prodigality of invention, yet avoiding all suspicion of the pot-pourri.

We have recently heard in London late works by two composers of the immediate past whose attitude in the matter of expansion is diametrically opposed: Strauss and Janacek. Richard Strauss, as he grew older, fell into a more and more luxuriant manner, not in his texture (which on the contrary grew cleaner and slimmer), but in the matter of melodic foliation, or "Fortspinnung" as the Germans call it. In the course of two Mysore Philharmonia concerts, we have heard the *Metamorphosen*, the Prelude and Final Scene from *Capriccio*, and another closing scene for soprano, that from *Daphne*, in which the musical style is curiously appropriate to the heroine's "foliation" into a laurel tree. When these beautifully written soprano paragraphs are sung with such limpid sweetness of tone as on this occasion by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, criticism is silent: only the curmudgeonly could fail to relish sounds so entrancing. But, much as I enjoy late Strauss, there are occasions when I find in the endless flux of tone something too yielding, too soft, too closely suggestive of an old man's carpet slippers. And, from another point of view, the Prelude to *Capriccio* reminds me, across the 200-year gulf, of certain fugues of Bach: sheer technique is so evidently running the show that there seems no reason why the music should ever stop. At first, the copiousness of *Metamorphosen* makes a similar impression; but the more often we hear this deeply moving elegy for *le temps perdu*, the more we perceive the strength and subtlety of its structural design.

Janacek, in his later works, trod an opposite

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path, becoming more and more laconic and averse from the standard devices of expansion and development. It was probably the absence of regulation "build-up" which puzzled many of the critics of *Katya Kabanova* leading a distinguished colleague to refer, incomprehensibly, to its "entire lack of thematic organisation." In fact, the score is a network of recurring motives: to mention only a few, the menacing figure rising by a fourth on the drums, the rapid oboe melody in repeated notes with sleigh-bell accompaniment which symbolises Tichon's journey, Barbara's theme with celesta chords on the off-beats, and a whole cluster of motives associated with Katya, her gentleness of heart, her mysticism and her unhappy love. As not infrequently happens, the peculiar idiom seems to have puzzled the cultivated amateur less than the professional musician. The musician is bothered by the absence of familiar procedures; the amateur recognises, in terms of another art, the muted sorrow, the apparent inconsequence, the underlying tenderness and pity, with which he is already familiar in Chekhov. Indeed, many of the comments now being made about *Katya Kabanova* remind me forcibly of those which used to be made, 25 years ago, about *The Cherry Orchard*.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

IN the past, the *Report to the People* programmes in the Home Service have presented facts and opinions on problems that are always with us, the rise in the cost of living, the state of the mining industry, and so forth, subjects that go on being naggingly topical year after year. Last week, however, infected perhaps by the success of the new *Focus* series in the Light Programme, it gave us a mosaic of information and views on a subject that has only just come into the news, Persian oil. In fact, the team responsible for the programme was that which produces the *Focus* series, and for once, *Report to the People* had the air of being a *Focus* suddenly transferred to another wavelength. This was a weakness, for there did not appear to be quite enough material for the extra fifteen minutes of programme time. It was indeed in some ways a ragged programme; it suggested haste in compilation, which in itself is not a bad thing in highly topical features of this kind. All the same, one of the expert witnesses, from a great university I regret to say, should not have been allowed to get away with the execrable prose in which her portion of the script was written. The English of Government departments and American sociologists is as offensive on the air as it is in print, and, it seems to me, the B.B.C. has an obligation both to its listeners and to the language to maintain decent standards of prose. For the rest, the programme fulfilled its function; it provided background information and, as far as one could tell, was fair to all sides: the representative of the Persian Embassy gave his country's point of view plainly and with an effective dignity. All this was as one would expect. What one didn't expect was the sudden apparition of Mr. Dylan Thomas with one of his uninhibited, *bravura* descriptive pieces, of life in Abadan. It was poetic; it was funny; it was in a way wildly out of place; but for listeners like myself for whom the oil-town is only a name, Abadan is likely to remain Mr. Thomas's Abadan for ever. How lucky for the producer that Mr. Thomas has just come back from Persia, for his contribution gave an extra dimension to the programme.

Report to the People apart, it was a bad week for features and discussion programmes. The *Taking Stock* discussion on British hotels was almost embarrassing: jollity in the studio doesn't necessarily mean jollity for the listener, and though Mr. Geoffrey Boumphrey valiantly tried to put forward reasoned criticisms of many British hotels, the discussion was never allowed to settle on any one point long enough. There was an awful readiness on the part of all the speakers in the programme to see all sides of the problem, to be fair, which suggested that there was in fact murder in the air of the studio. As for Mr. Terence Tiller's feature *The Burning Deck*, one should perhaps have been warned by the wording of the sub-title, *An Earnest Enquiry into the Life, Times, and Works of Mrs. Hemans*. It represented the bottom of jokey-donnishness. Out of admiration for Mr. Tiller's usual qualities as poet and scriptwriter I propose to forget as speedily as possible that this programme ever existed.

M. Mauriac's *Asmodée* is a very good play indeed, though I think the novel remains the more natural form for his genius. Mr. Peter Watts's production in the Third was excellent; and the acting was at a very high level indeed; Mr. Anthony Jacobs's Coûture I thought a brilliant performance, a masterly rendering of self-tortured lust for perverted spiritual power. What I felt did not come through in the broadcast was the sense of almost intolerably claustrophobic isolation of the Barthas family and household.

WILLIAM SALTER

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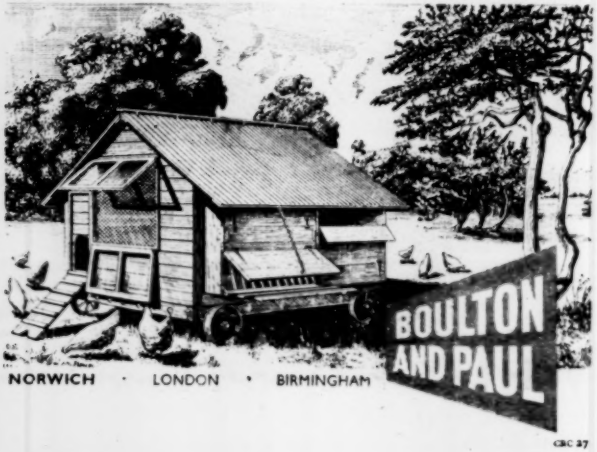

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THE MOVIES

"La Ronde," at the Curzon
"The Tales of Hoffmann," at the Carlton

Max Ophüls is one of the few creators in the cinema. What he creates is neither very large nor varied; he is a *petit maître*, and Vienna 1900 is his theme. To that, in the mood of romantic tragedy, he has recurred with *Liebelei* (1927) and *Letter from an Unknown Woman* (1949), and now in *La Ronde* we get the gay ironies of this preoccupation. Schnitzler, once again, has provided the story: here a sequence of love episodes, in which the second person of each couple becomes the first in the next, till we come back again to the boa-hung little tart on a corner with whom the daisy-chain started. This circling of a city's love life takes us into cafés, apartments squalid and grand, the theatre, summer gardens and lamp-lit streets; the husband of one storyette philosophically expounds the quietudes of marriage to his wife, before turning out the light, and then employs himself with a *grisette* scoffing champagne in a private room of a restaurant; she in turn is captured by the extravagances of a poet; and so it goes on—or round—with Love disporting itself in half a dozen guises, and the figure of the author artfully popping in and out with an opera-cloak or as a coachman waiting three hours for the lady who has paid a five-minute call. Lightness of touch, wit, psychological point, and the townscape of reverie have given new enchantment to a dated fiction. Could one imagine *La Ronde* better done or done at all otherwise than it is? Hardly. The ten or so chief parts attain an equal felicity: one need only name the players, who include Anton Walbrook, Simone Simon, Jean-Louis Barrault, Gerard Philipe, Odette Joyeux, Simone Signoret, and the less-known Daniel Gelin, giving at least as good a performance as any. Ophüls has a perfect control of his actors, as of everything else, from the script to the movements of light and of the camera. Of his three Viennese pieces, the flowerings of an exile who feels himself miraculously at home in fancy, I find it difficult to know which to prefer—romantic and sad, or wayward and gay? A fortnight devoted to them (as the Curzon has just honoured Pagnol's trilogy) would not be too much for me; and here one's pleasure would be unalloyed. For all his literary attachments Ophüls beautifully and appropriately employs the screen, and, given enough freedom, will always realise his own exquisite, soft-keyed art.

By contrast, Powell and Pressburger's *Tales of Hoffmann* has so burst its frame that a cataract of dyes, dances, and diableries stuns the bemused onlooker. This opera was never a particular favourite of mine, but not having encountered it for many years, I was prepared to go quite a way to meet Offenbach. Well, invisibly, Sir Thomas Beecham and his orchestra and singers are there to interpret Offenbach, and a fine performance they give. But, good lord, what goings-on for the eye! Miss

Moira Shearer, deprived of her fresh smile, sings at the top of someone else's voice while she dances; Helpmann is whistled up again and again from the deep, but can't get away from the fruity bass imprisoned in him like a spook in a bottle; the sets swoon and swear deliriously; the Barcarolle laps round a symbolic-looking gondola and Maya in black tights; and altogether the poet (Robert Rounseville), who alone is permitted to take his opera straight, has a gallant but unhappy time of it. This spectacular conjuring has, I must point out, its moments of brilliance: Helpmann's first whisk round a pillar, the doll's dismemberment, the descent down the painted stairs. But what an exhausting muddle! Lethargy has long ago made us oblivious of the worst pins that can be stuck into us and Offenbach.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Our Town," at the Watergate

This is the first of a series of American plays, which Mr. Arthur Klein hopes to produce with entirely American casts. To judge from this sample, the venture is a most promising one. Mr. Klein uses the resources of the tiny theatre to great effect, and with a fine taste and judgment, especially in his lighting; and this is important in *Our Town*, the Thornton Wilder play, it will be remembered, which dispenses with scenery in depicting the ordinary life of a small American town at the turn of the century. Mr. Thornton Wilder's picture is as soft and sweet as maple syrup; and doubtless Mr. Klein is right not to attempt to tone this down, but on the contrary play it up to its full value. But really that first act is unbearably sweet: kindness, beauty and simplicity rise up before us like a cinema organ ascending from the pit in a rain of purple and old rose. In the second act there is enough humour, and in the third enough fantasy, to give an edge. In any case the playwright's touch is masterly: he knows to the last millimetre the nerve he would touch off, and we cannot resist even if we sometimes want to. In a very large cast a high standard of acting is maintained. I have only space to mention the two young people Mr. John Stermand and Miss Grace Chapman, and Mr. Val Bettin and Miss Laurie Garner.

T. C. W.

"Modern Books and Writers," at 7 Albemarle Street (The National Book League)

It takes ingenuity to catch for a Book Exhibition more than a specialised public, and the organisers of the National Book League Exhibition are to be congratulated on spinning two ingenious webs. First, there is a display of one hundred modern writers, each represented by a selected book, its original manuscript (where available) and a photograph of the author. These exhibits, excellently laid out, can hardly fail to intrigue by the variety of their self-revelation—the carelessly scribbled Betjeman lying beside the lovingly scripted Blunden, the vellum manuscript volume of Elizabeth Bowen looking across to the threepenny notebook of Katherine Mansfield. Scrawls or calligraphy, binding or loose sheets, neither weighs finally in the scales. But the idiosyncrasies of authors exert an undeniable fascination, as indeed do some of the presumably self-selected photographs: Mr. Henry Green, for instance, resolutely showing us nothing but his back. Then, to add to the fun, into the room has been thrown the Lemon of Discord. A hundred modern writers? But where is — or —? How on earth did — get himself included? Authors are not much less vain than any other public person, and the old child's cry "What about *me?*" has doubtless risen in many rejected breasts. An anthology is always open to this kind of dispute. The intrepid selectors, V. S. Pritchett, C. Day Lewis and Rose Macaulay, defend themselves ably in their foreword. Champions of the unrepresented may well notice one of their phrases: "There have been refusals." The other half of the exhibition, no less interesting and stimulating, though in a soberer way, consists of one hundred books selected to "illustrate the development, and celebrate the achievements, of modern book design and production."

T. C. W.

Correspondence

THE BEVAN CRISIS

SIR,—If Bevan, Wilson and Freeman had resigned in January on the issues on which they have resigned in April, the merit of their resignation would have been no greater, but it would have been much more obvious. As it is, there are too many people in the Party who can't see the wood of principles and policies for the trees of teeth and spectacles; and who don't understand that the flight from Socialism in the Budget speech really began at the moment when we added those eleven hundred millions to our armaments bill.

From the time when we recognised the implacable nature of Soviet expansionism, and therefore began to seek means to combat it, there have been two major differences between the Tories and ourselves on what ought to be the strategy of the combat. The first was that the Conservative Party wanted to rely entirely on the gun, the tank, the aircraft, the ship and the atom bomb as the only weapons against Communism, whereas we insisted that military preparedness was insufficient unless it was reinforced by political, economic and social weapons. We ploughed hundreds of millions into our Colonies and other under-developed lands to fight that poverty and hunger which are Russia's greatest allies because they induce despairing men to clutch at the straw of Communism. Every measure we took to that end —whether it was the release of sterling balances to India or Pakistan, or the investment of capital in projects of colonial development—was subjected to incessant sniping by the Opposition. But we stuck it, and we were right.

We realised, too, that example begins at home, and that if we wanted to show the world an example of a way of life better than the Communist one, we had to be careful to maintain the health of our economy and the vitality of our social order. If we wanted to oppose the idea of Communism by the better idea of democratic Socialism—and all history goes to show that you can never break down an idea by means of force, but only by means of a better idea—then we had to be sure that the back of our democratic Socialism wasn't broken by an armaments burden bigger than we could carry. Even military considerations led to the same conclusion, for we didn't want to get into the 1940 position of France, where an expensive military machine and an expensive Maginot Line collapsed because they were built on the shifting sands of an economy which they had undermined.

Since January it looks as though we've begun to accept the Tory thesis and to abandon our own. Seven months ago, the Prime Minister told us that the most we could manage for arms without damaging our economy was £3,600 millions with American aid. Now we're trying to spend £4,700 millions in face of American hogging of scarce materials. We just can't do that *and* maintain, in this country and overseas, the economic and social measures on which, in the teeth of Tory opposition, we rested our campaign against Soviet expansionism.

The second way in which we and the Tories have been poles apart is that they have wanted to finance rearmament out of the social services, while we always said that we would put the burden on the strongest, and not on the weakest, shoulders. But again it looks as though we've accepted the Tory thesis and abandoned our own. This Budget has let off scot-free all the people who are making a lot of money out of capital appreciation—no wonder there's been a non-stop boom in the City ever since Budget day. There's not even an increase in death duties. Every man under 70 and woman under 65 who live on social-service fixed incomes have got to face higher prices with no more money. The younger Old Age pensioners, the chronically sick, the unemployable, get nothing; and the war pensioners get virtually nothing. Even the oldest folk have to wait till October for their extra bit of money, and many of them won't get it even then, unless the National Assistance scales are put up.

We've abandoned the firm Socialist principle that all medical services should be equally available to all citizens, whether they can afford to pay or not. We have made inevitable some further payments for further health services in next year's Budget, and we have set an irresistible precedent for a wholesale slaughter of the health service if ever the Tories get back to power.

And for what? To provide an allocation for armaments which we can't spend this year because the machines and materials won't be there to spend it on. To create out of a budgeted revenue an estimated surplus of £39 millions instead of £26 millions, even supposing that the Treasury can estimate to within one-third of one per cent., which is much better than they usually do and very much better than they did last year.

Thus, both externally and internally, we've commenced in this Budget to borrow from the Tories the policies for which we've always condemned them. Those are the real issues.

But these real issues are being deliberately confused by some people in a fog of muddled talk about the creation of a split in the Party. Make no mistake about it, the three Ministers who have resigned and those of us who think they were right to do it, are, and will be, loyal to the Party: their object, and ours, is not to defeat the Government but to change its policy. But loyalty isn't a one-way traffic, and the relief which the Government feels at not being faced with an overt revolt ought to induce it, in fairness, to have due regard for the opinions of the minority.

As to the charge that the resignations have arbitrarily divided the Party, it takes two sides to make a split. When the crisis broke, Bevan and Wilson put forward a number of compromises in the hope that a break could be avoided. But every one of their approaches was turned down flat. Instead, the Bill on the health charges was brought forward with an indecent haste which was, and perhaps was intended to be, provocative. There were clearly some members of the Government whose major objective was not charges for teeth but changes in the Cabinet.

House of Commons. IAN MIKARDO

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AFTER MACARTHUR, WHAT?

SIR,—The controversy started by General MacArthur and two recent American pronouncements, one official, the other unofficial but weighty, show the dilemma of the Western powers in Korea.

To take the last pronouncement first, Mr. Walter Lippmann in the *New York Herald Tribune* argues that General MacArthur is right in asserting that without attacking the territory of China it is not possible to win the war in Korea, but wrong in asserting that this can be done without bringing in the Soviet Union and so starting a world war. Mr. Truman and America's West European allies are right in objecting to a general war, but should realise that the present limited war makes it impossible to attain the objects of the U.N. General Assembly's resolution of October 7th, namely, "the establishment of a unified, independent and democratic government of Korea." We must choose, he argues, between "limited objectives out of limited war, or unlimited objectives out of an unlimited war. . . . Restoration of the *status quo ante* is a limited objective. . . . If we want more than the limited objective of restoring the South Korean frontier, having repelled the original aggression of June 25th, then we must accept the risks of a general war in the Far East." Therefore, he concludes, we should aim at an armistice and peace that will simply restore and prop up the Syngman Rhee regime on the ruins of South Korea and leave the ruins of North Korea to take care of themselves. He admits that the conclusion is unsatisfactory—a masterpiece of *meiosis*.

A high official of the State Department, Mr. Dean Rusk, Assistant Secretary for Far Eastern Affairs, in a press interview on April 17, saw no end to the war or any possibility either of breaking the military stalemate or of a fresh diplomatic initiative to restore peace. He added: "What we are trying to do is to maintain peace and security without a general war. We are saying to the aggressors, 'You will not be allowed to get away with your crime. You must stop it.' At the same time we are trying to prevent a general conflagration which would consume the very things we are now trying to defend.

"Let us admit that this effort is extremely difficult. There is no more complicated problem than to bring an end to fighting which involves the world's Great Powers without unconditional surrender of one side or other—an unconditional surrender which will not come except in general war. It is hard to understand and hard to explain. It means a condition of half-war, half-peace."

The dilemma is real and insoluble, on the assumption that Korean Communism is simply naked aggression against Korea by the Soviet Union and China and that therefore Western military power must impose a settlement on the whole of Korea that will stamp out Communism, and must do so against Korea's two great neighbours, China and the U.S.S.R. If so, we are committed to an indefinite counter-revolutionary war in Korea, in which the Korean people will bleed to death and which must end either with a general war or the withdrawal of allied troops from a country where they had "made a desert and called it peace."

But the assumption is, of course, wrong: Korean Communism is native and corresponds to the real needs and desires of a section of the Korean people, much like Chinese Communism in China. What the North Korean regime represented was in the last analysis preferred by perhaps the majority of Koreans to Syngman Rhee, imposed by American bayonets and supported by American dollars, just as the Chinese people preferred their Communists to Chiang Kai-shek and American intervention. The Korean war was also a civil war, in which the internal line-up was similar to the civil war in China.

It follows that peace is only possible on the basis of a settlement in which China and the Soviet Union take part; that sets up a provisional all-Korean Government in which the Communists are represented; that accepts some kind of compromise with Communism as the social and political foundation of the provisional regime; and that understands that "free elections" mean elections in which the Korean Communists and the Korean parties prepared to work with them have equal rights with other parties and are not outlawed or discriminated against in any way.

On that view, the job of the Western powers is to decide how they will share with the Russians and Chinese in the job of selecting members of the all-Korean Provisional Government, how control should be exercised and economic help given through the United Nations in its initial stages, what should be the forces of law and order after foreign troops have been withdrawn, and how and when to hold free elections for a unified Korea.

Those tasks are difficult but not impossible. At the present moment we are in a bloody blind alley in Korea because we have not the guts to tell the Americans that either they make peace or we withdraw our forces, and because the U.S.A. is drifting to war as the result of the Administration appeasing the powerful American preventive war party, represented by MacArthur, the China Lobby, the Hearst, Scripps-Howard and Henry Luce Presses, the Right wing of the Republican Party, and that section of big business that dreams of developing the "vast markets" of Asia.

As an American friend put it to me: "MacArthur and his supporters want a big war. The American people want peace. Truman and Acheson are trying to please both by keeping a small war going indefinitely."

K. ZILLIACUS

60 Abbey Road, N.W.8.

WRITERS AND PEACE

SIR,—We writers believe that our civilisation is unlikely to survive another world war.

We believe that differing political and economic systems in the world to-day can exist side by side on the basis of peacefully negotiated settlements.

As writers we want peace and, through our work, will try to get it; and we pledge ourselves to encourage an international settlement through peaceful negotiation. We condemn writing liable to sharpen existing dangers and hatreds.

As signatories, we are associated with no political movement, party, or religious belief, but are solely concerned with trying to stop the drift to war. We invite all writers to support this declaration, and to tell us of their support, by sending their names to A. E. Coppard, "Hillside," Duton Hill, Dunmow, Essex.

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ROGER MACDOUGALL	FRANK SWINNERTON

WOMEN'S MAGAZINES

SIR,—As one who has made a collection of women's magazines from the time of their origin, may I bring the light of their history to bear on some of those features to which objection has been raised?

In the 18th Century, the celebrated *Lady's Magazine* contained a great deal of intelligent material, including notes on foreign affairs and articles of scientific and general interest addressed uncompromisingly to the educated woman. The public aimed at was primarily aristocratic.

Towards 1800 there is a very marked decline into wishy-washy sentiment, inane poetry, and vapid moralising. The number of publications increases, the principal new ones being the *Lady's Monthly Museum*, the *Belle Assemblée*, and the *World of Fashion*, and the public in view is chiefly what are now called the upper middle classes.

Throughout the Eighteen-forties and Fifties, the prevailing characteristic becomes stodgy respectability, reaching at times to the very depths of dullness. No one who ploughs through a sufficient quantity of the letterpress can doubt that the middle classes in their uttermost mediocrity formed the dominant market.

From about 1860 onwards, the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* heralds a most welcome change. It introduces, in execrable type but a sprightly tone, household hints, little talks on etiquette and economy, cheap paper patterns for home dressmaking, and a lively and sometimes lurid correspondence column. The realism and the great vitality of the feminine

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lower middle classes are—though not overtly—being catered for at last.

During the 'Seventies and 'Eighties, the editors of such publications as the *Queen* and the *Ladies' Treasury* apparently assumed, under the influence of the Women's Movement, that their readers would have intellectual aspirations, and some very honest solid fare was provided. But by the 'Nineties, it must have become clear that, for most women, emancipation meant cycling, yachting, or learning to swim, and an amount of space was then devoted to sport far more generous than would be found in any comparable magazine to-day.

After about 1920, when the loss of several million young men in the First World War began to be seriously felt, magazines of every grade devoted themselves principally to informing women how to achieve sex appeal and to compete in the struggle for marriage: while, from the time of the Second World War, this theme has been running a dual course with another—how to be efficient as wife, mother, and breadwinner equally. The subjection of women to domestic labour and the flattery of the male are taken for granted far more completely than ever they were in Victorian times.

London, W.1. DORIS LANGLEY MOORE

SIR,—As the Editor of one of Britain's two leading women's colour weeklies mentioned by your correspondent Miss Lunds (i.e., *Woman's Own*), I must protest at her strange inaccuracies.

Although Miss Lunds describes herself as "one of the persons 'aimed at' by the publishers of women's magazines," she quite obviously never reads them, or reads them with her eyes shut, and is therefore, one would think, hardly in a position to have any opinions worth printing on the subject.

If she had ever read *Woman's Own*, the one magazine she mentions—so unfortunately for the accuracy of her argument—she would surely not have been so unwise as to state "It is not true to say that Paris fashions feature in the cheaper magazines. Look into the pages of *Woman's Own* and find the 'little frock' for the housemaid on Sundays."

Alas for the opinionated but ill-informed Miss Lunds! Not only have we never presented a "little frock" for the housemaid on Sundays, but we do indeed regularly present Paris fashions. Recent issues gave several pages of Paris trends and fashions, including full colour ensembles by Balmain and Schiaparelli. JOANNA CHASE

Woman's Own.

FREEDOM AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

SIR,—I have not the competence to enter upon a discussion of the various points of Catholic doctrine raised by your correspondents. As a believer in a man's right to think what he pleases, to write what he thinks and to have his writings made available for others to read, I am opposed to all forms of banning and censorship, whether imposed by Communists, Fascists or Catholics, designed to prevent people from becoming acquainted with the arguments and facts which the banners consider to be prejudicial to their own particular dogmas. I am content, therefore, to repeat the protest entered in my review against the efforts of Catholics in the U.S. to prevent Mr. Blanshard's book being published, circulated and made available for all those who wish to read it.

I hope that what I have said will suffice to answer the kind of hypothetical question put to me by Mr. Lunn as to whether in certain circumstances I should approve of the banning of anti-Semitic propaganda.

As to whether Mr. Blanshard is "taken seriously by informed critics in America," I offer no opinion; nor is the point relevant. The account of the attempts which were made to prevent his book reaching the public is clearly given and well documented. Does Mr. Lunn suggest that this account is not correct? C. E. M. JOAD

THE STONE

SIR,—It is surprising to find a scholar like Mr. Douglas Young citing as "proved" the theory advanced by Dr. James Richardson and Professor Croft Dickinson that the "Stone of Destiny" is not the real Stone. It should be clearly understood that this is merely a theory not accepted by other Scottish scholars. HENRY W. MEIKLE

Edinburgh. *H.M. Historiographer in Scotland.*

THE "PAKISTAN PLOT"

SIR,—Your Karachi correspondent, writing in your issue of April 7 on the recent conspiracy in Pakistan, refers to Major-General Akbar Khan as the "Commander-in-Chief." This is not so. Major-General Akbar Khan was, at the time of his arrest, "Chief of the General Staff." The Commander-in-Chief of the Pakistan Army is General M. Ayub Khan, under whose leadership the armed forces helped, with signal success, to uncover and defeat the plans of the conspirators. SALMAN A. ALI

Pakistan Government. *Press Attaché*

[We regret the slip of our correspondent's pen.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

TAXES ON FOOD PARCELS

SIR,—On reading Mrs. Ambatielos' letter in your issue of March 31 I wrote to Athens asking for details, and I think the reply I have just received may interest you.

According to regulations put into effect as from January 20, any person in Greece may receive from abroad, free of duty, 10 kilos of food monthly (on which import duty would not normally exceed 30,000 drachmas). In addition, he may receive the following goods annually, free of duty:—

Three kilos of new cotton or artificial silk clothing.

Ten kilos of second-hand clothing.

One pair shoes.

Orthopædic appliances and invalid chairs.

Other small personal objects and medicines (on which import duty would not normally exceed 20,000 drachmas).

Furthermore, certain other goods—one suit of clothes, two pairs of socks, etc.—may also be received from abroad on payment of a reduced import duty of 20 per cent. of the value.

Anything over and above these quantities is liable to the normal rate of import duty. I need not add that these regulations apply indiscriminately to all.

If, after this explanation, Mrs. Ambatielos still feels her parcels have been singled out for discrimination, the Greek authorities are quite ready to order an investigation if she will supply me with full particulars. A. A. FALLIS,

Greek Government, *Minister Plenipotentiary*

Department of Information.

"KILLING A SCHOOL"

SIR,—My letter in your issue of March 31 included a charge of academic distortion in a comprehensive school through the imposition of restrictions in choice of subjects.

The system is complex and compulsion can arise from the exercise of other choices, etc. Space does not allow of a satisfactory explanation of my point and as the paragraph as it stands is capable of misinterpretation I would prefer to withdraw it completely. B. M. SMITH

Chester Rd. North, Sutton Coldfield.

LOUDON

SIR,—I am writing a biography of John Claudius Loudon (1783-1843), the landscape gardener and author of many works on gardening and architecture. I should be glad to hear from any reader who has or knows of any letters written by Loudon or his wife, or who knows the present whereabouts of the journal that he kept from about 1800 until the end of his life, if it still exists. JOHN GLOAG

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Books in General

UNLIKE the earlier books in this series*, Mr. Garnett's excellent *T. E. Lawrence* aims at selecting a self-portrait of the author from his writings rather than a representation of his works for their own sake. It opens with a sardonically expert letter written when Lawrence was 18, goes on to his archæological journeys in England, France and Syria; and then chronologically to the *Arab Bulletin* and *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. It ends with extracts from *The Mint* and some of the final letters. Lawrence's Cairo reports were described by an official as "observant, pungent in style and character" and these qualities made him a swift, singeing narrator, a sound and irreverent analyst of situations which were on the move. When situations do not move, when he is describing the static life of the Army and the R.A.F. in peacetime, as in the passages from the unpublished *The Mint*, Lawrence strikes one as being fundamentally bored by his material. He tries to make it vivid by fixing it with his eye. In doing this he becomes mannered and bitterness gives his writing a thick and embossed effect, which is not the best side of a talent made for fluency and variety. We can judge, of course, from extracts only; the impression made by the whole book may be quite different. But since T. E. Lawrence's time there has been a good deal of documentary or disinterestedly observant writing about the airman's and soldier's life, and it has been soberer in tone, less egoistical in sensibility, less plagued than Lawrence's is by horror of the mass of men or, at any rate, instinctively forgiving them. Lawrence felt cut off from them, especially—as he put it—from their carnality. Beside this writing—and I think of things like Alun Lewis's *Ward 03(b)* published in *English Stories from New Writing*—T. E. Lawrence sounds studied and precious. It is the end result of the marked abstract and ascetic bias in Lawrence's mind, a gift he had learned to apply to men when he wished to use them in action.

Forgetting all one has read and heard of T. E. Lawrence, what portrait can one build up from this book? He has the total, sanguine, efficiency of genius, of course. After that, the Anglo-Irish and Highland Scottish parentage makes a bold and distinctive general outline. Courage, militancy, imagination, clear separation of close-packed thought from withdrawn feeling, the ability to get "inside the skin of the participants" in an action—which Sir Ernest Dowson noted—without losing oneself in the process, a dizzy sexless energy, irony—but that is the militant tradition—an instinct for mischief and intrigue, vanity and a core of diffidence, weakness, insecurity. History suggests that their insecurity as the lonely conquerors of a savage and treacherous country is a profound element in the general character of the Anglo-Irish and, as Lawrence's brother suggested, the weakness provoked in T. E. Lawrence that transcendent will which is incessant in men and women of genius. Other Anglo-Irish traits are suggested by a comparison with Bernard Shaw. There are the continuous histrionic touch and the remorse that follows—an unavailing remorse because it, also, is theatrical. There is the merciless mental energy which pours out endlessly in words or action, and turns upon the character with humiliating self-criticism. There is the special kind of idealism: ascetic, bodiless, rational, unromantic, and it keeps a place for the inevitable cynicism of tactics. Unlike English idealism it is unsentimental and without hypocrisy. Lawrence's guilt about betraying the Arabs could not be dissolved by useful moral arguments; it was hard. An objective thinker cannot get rid of the objects he sees or deceive himself by turning them into something else. Lawrence's dislike of Imperialism was traditional; on the other hand, he was drawn irresistibly to the military fascination of Imperial power. Thus, to hold Alexandretta for ever is vital; to lose British soldiers for Mesopotamian oil is squalid and wicked. In this kind of judgment Lawrence may have been a strategist and not a political economist, but he was chiefly a kind of æsthete, plumping for abstract power which was, in some way, connected with honour. It had nothing to do with the squalid, practical interests of the oil trade. (His reading at this time is suggestive: Homer, the *Morte d'Arthur* and Blake; the epical, chivalrous and mystical.)

At any rate the attitude of Lawrence is not that of a 19th-century Romantic. Nor is there any Rupert Brooke in him. Of all those who wrote about the first World War, he is the only one to go into it with his eyes open. He had been studying castles, military science, the actual terrain of his war and its people in his youth scientifically. The disillusion of the other war writers of that generation arose because war was not what they thought it would be; the strong ruling and military bent of the Anglo-Irish seems to have preserved Lawrence from illusion. What he experienced after the war was the disgust of success, the disgust following intoxication; perhaps the affront that he was no longer a king-maker; and, of course, the frustration of the guerrilla soldier's ideal of freedom for a race of soldiers.

I do not say this to whittle down the sincerity of his desire for Arab freedom, but to underline the importance of the idea of honour in his character. It goes back to the Elizabethans in Ireland, not to the English public schools; and his feeling for the Arabs—though there was always some part of him that was the observer—seems to have been a natural response to people who lived by honour, the corruption of honour by eternal quarrels, and its ironies. It is an exquisite moment in *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* when Feisal discreetly shows that he has guessed Lawrence is doctoring the telegrams from Mecca; there is an Elizabethan taste for the conceit, for the subtle arabesque of innuendo. When Feisal says to Lawrence "You always prefer my honour to your own," the words have the ambiguity of a verse cut by the diamond of a betrayed Tudor. For, as Lawrence said many times in the *Arab Bulletin* and *The Seven Pillars*, he *used* the honour of the Arabs; he was stronger because he had a motive unknown to them. He had the demon inside him, the will of the Allies; and he was strong also because he had to make an enormous moral effort to live with his own guilt:

> In compensation stood my energy of motive. Their less-taut wills flagged before mine flagged, and by comparison made mine seem tough and active.

The precocious Lawrence who, as a boy of five, could read a newspaper upside down, who became a technician, an archæologist and an historian while he made himself into a deep and original military thinker, was a "thought-riddled" man. He was the kind of man of action who did not value what men of action valued. He was made to bear the Hamlet-like burden of the double role; he became a legend, perhaps because he was a new and prophetic prototype. The guerrillas of the last war, the equipped individualists, the educated men or the sensitive who had to stick out the promiscuous living of the Nissen huts, were foreshadowed by him. He stands, rather flamboyantly guilty, at the beginning of a new age to which the conflicts of *The Seven Pillars* were to become soberly familiar. In everything, from the hold-ups, the executions, the intrigue and the tortures to the final nihilism, he was the first guinea-pig of the underground. What a guilt-eaten book *The Seven Pillars* is and how subtle. True to the feeling of his period (for the book is very much of the Twenties in its artifice, its mastery and egoism) and true to his own nature, it is theatrical; but it has to be so to make its corrosive mark as a new, progenitive kind of mind in war. *The Mint* was a good title for its successor, because it was Lawrence's place to stamp the hurt contemporary face on the new coin.

The theme of *The Seven Pillars* seems to be ecstasy, guilt and suffering. In action, that means the satisfaction of the well-laid mine, the provision for the tribesmen of timely loot, excitement and slaughter; it means blood-guilt; and it means the martyrdom of leadership—having to shoot a man oneself in order to prevent a blood feud—and a curious moment like the one when, after a massacre, Lawrence went round and arranged the dead in more seemly positions. The self-questionings have the rhetorical touch—later Lawrence criticised the "foppishness" of his mind—but the manner he adopted, one feels, was simply his device for screwing the last ounce out of sensibility, or a kind of flagellation:

> The practice of our revolt fortified the nihilist attitude in me. During it, we often saw men push themselves or be driven to a cruel extreme of endurance; yet never was there an intimation of physical break. Collapse rose always from a moral weakness eating into that body, which of itself, without traitors from within, had no power over the will. While we rode we were disbodied, unconscious of our flesh or feeling; and when at an interval this excitement faded and we did see our bodies, it was with some hostility, with a contemptuous sense that they reached their highest purpose, not as vehicles of the spirit, but when, dissolved, their elements served to manure the field. . . .

Or:

> I seemed at last approaching the in-

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sensibility which had always been beyond my reach; but a delectable land: for one born so slug-tissued that nothing this side fainting would let his spirit free. Now I found myself dividing into parts. There was one which went on riding wisely, sparing or helping every pace of the wearied camel. Another hovering above and to the right bent down curiously, and asked what the flesh was doing. The flesh gave no answer . . . a third garrulous one talked, wondered, critical of the body's self-inflicted labour. . . . Telesius, taught by some such experience, split up the soul. Had he gone on, to the furthest limit of exhaustion, he would have seen his conceived regiment of thoughts and acts and feelings ranked round him as separate creatures; eyeing, like vultures, the passing in their midst the common thing that gave them life.

The pages on self-surrender, obedience and abasement are, in their way, religious and, indeed, were observed among believers in a war-like religion. The final desire is for physical solitude. Lawrence could not bear to be touched, unless, one supposes, he was hurt.

And so one could go on about this strange actor whose aim—realised only among the Arabs—was to be notable for being unnoticeable, who acted both morally and physically. His self-analysis is not really the best part of *The Seven Pillars*; what holds one is more than the story; it is the brain. Travellers have told before how they have stopped a quarrel by a well-turned tale, especially (one seems to remember) in the East, the home of convenient formulæ; but Lawrence giving an impromptu parody of an Arab story-teller, at a bad moment, to an audience who (he tells us) had never heard parody before, is superb in assurance. Or again, Lawrence dominating his illness by thinking out his campaign, shows us the will at work hour by hour. Throughout a swift, masterly narrative, packed with action, character and personal emotion, we have the extraordinary spectacle of a brain working the whole time. It is as if we could see the campaign thought by thought. The close texture of genius in action has never been so livingly done by an active man; it has been left, as a rule, to the self-watching invalids. And this density of thought was present from the beginning. If there had been no war in Arabia, and no epic to live, Lawrence would still have been a vivid, trenchant and sardonic historian. Hardly classical in manner (for that was "out" in the Twenties and writers were looking for manners which would bring home their nervous singularity) *The Seven Pillars* is the solitary classic of the self-conscious warrior, as Doughty is of the great self-conscious traveller. V. S. PRITCHETT

A CHARM FOR THE EAR-ACHE

Now let music, light as an enchanter's hands,
And warm and fragrant as a summer's air
Be gently breathed into this anxious ear.
Then, like a magic ointment, or fine sands
Of coral drowsed by an ocean's golden suns,
Let all wild sounds in quiet poems come
To charm the angry drum with murmured monotones.
Now let the face of love lift from a dream
His gravely-smiling lips, and silent lay
Their honeyed wisdom here! O, let the tongue
With healing science harmonise my long
Discordances, and kiss all wakefulness at last away!

JAMES KIRKUP

SHAKESPEAREAN PRODUCTION

On Producing Shakespeare. By RONALD WATKINS. *Michael Joseph.* 21*s.*

All theatre is impressionist, all theatre makes its points through a series of impressions recorded by a jumble of means: a word, a movement, a colour, a sound, now one now the other, picks up the story. A word may express more than a gesture, but a word and a gesture together may express more than a sentence: the setting may be painted on canvas, or painted with a line of verse, or conjured up by the miming of a crowd; as long as the methods succeed in making their point they can be quite inconsistent with one another. William Poel used to give his actors cuttings from the *Illustrated London News* or reproductions of Vermeer or Raphael, saying, "That's what I want you to look like."

There is only one true consistency in the theatre, consistency with the theme: stagecraft is like generalship, a split command and divided forces can be fatal: any attempt to compromise with other sets of rules only weakens the drama. Yet the whole history of Shakespearean production is one of an increasing split in the intentions of the performers and of a decreasing impact in the result. For example, the scenery was originally made up of fragments chosen to help the action. As they became more elaborate suddenly they had to conform to the laws of a quite different art. Where the drama called for one tree, a second, and then a third was added "to balance the picture." Consistency of architecture, consistency of period in costumes, consistency of style, consistency with real life—all rival sets of rules alien to the theatre, surrounded the plays with invisible threads, pulling in a score of directions at once and subduing the very qualities that gave them life.

In Shakespeare's day there was no thought of consistency; his theatre was purely impressionist. First came the story, then the words, then effects of acting, mime and movement, each like pointillist strokes of emphasis. Shakespeare started with a blank; his blank was his plain open-air building. As Mr. Watkins puts it:

> It was as if the platform was a white screen upon which a series of images was being projected in quick succession. Shakespeare's poetical imagination is the projector, and the speed is as rapid as his thought.

There were doors, windows, galleries, but as Mr. Watkins shows us they were not doors to places, or galleries between them. They were neither inside nor outside. The action of a window opening, and a head leaning out, coupled with the words "Who's in the street so late?", "Bring up more wine!", or "Land ahead!" made them overlook, in the audience's eye, a dark alley, a kitchen, or the deck of a ship at sea. A lightning stroke created the picture and it lasted for no longer than the lightning flash. The next second, the point well home, the mind was free to pick up something else.

In the course of his book Mr. Watkins delves deep into Shakespeare's stagecraft. He examines effects of rhythm, subtleties of sound in the verse and their relation to the positioning, the entrances, and exits: the effect of "purple passages" in the daylight, in the three-dimensional arena of the vast apron stage. Much of this ground has already been covered by Granville Barker and by John Cranford Adams in his expansive *The Globe Playhouse*, but Mr. Watkins's achievement is an imaginative one; thanks to him (and his admirable illustrator Maurice Percival) we can actually *see* the Globe in action.

Mr. Watkins carries his investigations into the field of acting and here, too, he finds the equivalent of the "blank screen." To-day acting, largely through the enormous influence of Stanislavski, has come to mean the creation of real people on the stage. A performance is considered good in proportion to the amount of naturalistic detail the actor can think up to give body to the bare indications of the script. Shakespeare's actors did not think of themselves as portraying real people: they were story-tellers and their art was narrative through an impressionist technique. They were sent on to the stage to use every timbre of their voices, in operatic effects of melody and rhythm, every part of their bodies in balletic effects of mime:

> The actor knew every time he went on the stage the business he was to transact, the part he was to play in carrying forward the plot of the story: to this he stuck with a clearcut relevance that was characteristic also of his author.

How strangely like the new theories of Brecht and his Epic Theatre, in which the actor must act "as though he were describing a street accident." It is very possible that a change of acting style is in the air, that the actor will now throw off nineteenth-century realism—as the scene designer has done already—and rediscover the older tradition.

All the light that Mr. Watkins throws on Shakespeare's stagecraft is immensely important to us all. I join with him in his plea that an Elizabethan theatre must be rebuilt, so that we can see how Shakespeare's plays looked in his own conditions. This experiment is long overdue, and must be made, although I am not at all sure that it would prove the ideal that so many people expect. I am afraid it could easily become a Victoria-and-Albert of the theatre, interesting for research in the afternoon but hardly the most exciting choice for an evening out. Anyway, building materials are scarce and our real problem is how to give living performances of Shakespeare's plays inside the buildings that exist. Here, Mr. Watkins's book can lead one grievously astray. The Elizabethan playhouse was totally different from any of ours, and there is no compromise solution in sticking odd bits of it into our own theatres. An Elizabethan stage inside a picture frame is no longer a simple "blank screen," it is a monster picture-set; an apron built over an orchestra does not create intimacy, it only brings the actors awkwardly on to the laps of the front rows of the stalls; all the moves to abolish the curtain, to take away the lighting, to destroy the picture frame are meaningless and doctrinaire. Our theatres have many disadvantages but any child can bear witness that it is in the gilt picture frame, the red curtain and the footlights that their magic lies. The answer surely is to study with Mr. Watkins the effects Shakespeare intended to create at every moment and recapture them. To do so, and to avoid a compromise that is always ugly and dull, we must forget all about those Tudor beams and traverse curtains. We must only remember that Shakespeare's stagecraft was impressionist, and we must use to the full every modern implement to retell the play in the most vivid way. PETER BROOK

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Characteristically, Mr. Koestler weights the scales mercilessly against his own side. His heroine, Hydie, is a wealthy young American, who has lapsed from Catholicism into a sex fixation. Hydie falls in love with Nikitin, the

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NKVD agent, whose job is to prepare the list of French intellectuals to be purged on the Day. Just after Nikitin has sexually insulted her in an ingenious and singularly disgusting way, she learns what his job is, informs the Chief of Police—who can, of course, do nothing—and then shoots him—unsuccessfully. In the last chapter, when the first Russian paratroopers are dropping, she retires to America in a comfortable airliner.

Hydie's Parisian friends are a poor lot. Not one of them has a normal job, a faithful wife or a happy family. They all discuss politics, and despise politicians. In fact, they are Intellectuals with a very big I. Julien, the most interesting of them, was wounded and disfigured fighting in the International Brigade, and has renounced Communism. He seems to speak for Koestler himself:

> One should either write ruthlessly what one believes to be the truth, or shut up. Now I happen to believe that Europe is doomed, a chapter in history which is drawing to its finish. This is so to speak my contemplative truth. Looking at the world with detachment, in the sign of eternity, I find it not even disturbing. But I also happen to believe in the ethical imperative of fighting evil, even if the fight is hopeless . . . And on this plane my contemplative truth becomes defeatist propaganda and hence an immoral influence. You can't get out of the dilemma between contemplation and action.

The most sympathetic character is a Russian Hero of Culture, who has chosen freedom *à la* Kravchenko, and renounces Stalinism at a party given in his honour by the French fellow-travellers, only to find that he has been so thoroughly conditioned that he cannot write the Great Exposure. He degenerates into a drunken cabaret entertainer, but redeems himself at the last moment by throwing a glass of champagne in Nikitin's face and so getting himself expatriated to Siberia. That leaves us with the Chief of Police, the only pleasant person in the whole book. But he too recognises his own futility and says to Hydie:

> Yes, Mademoiselle, when you and your compatriots—who are now so busy telling us what we ought to do—get into your airliners, we will know how to make our own exits—with a flourish, in the fastidious manner, which goes so well with our national character. But if you ask me why I insist so much on the flourish, I will tell you in confidence that it will merely serve to cover our bewilderment. For you can only die simply and quietly if you know what you are dying for. And that is precisely what none of us knows. Ah, if instead of canned peaches and anti-tank guns you could ship to us some sort of new revelation . . .

The one integrated personality is Nikitin, the Stalinist son of a Leninist oil worker, killed in the Baku rising; and the chapter devoted to his family in the Caucasus and his upbringing in Moscow is far the best part of the book. Nikitin is bound to defeat Hydie and Julien, for the same reason that Russia is bound to occupy France in the last chapter—because the Communist is inspired not by longing for the Kingdom of God but by faith in the Kingdom of Satan. *The Age of Longing*, in fact, is a conversation between Mr. Koestler and the Devil, in which Mr. Koestler gives the Devil a superb brief, but still seems surprised and resentful when the Devil proceeds to win the argument.

Diabolism of this sort—and the boastful self-pity and self-contempt which nearly always accompany it—are frequent features in first novels. The young writer "sees through Communism" and yet hankers for the Utopia he has intellectually rejected. What is unusual is that a writer of Mr. Koestler's vitality and imagination should linger in this age of longing, and present a grimace in the looking-glass as the truth about contemporary France. For the strength of France—and indeed of any democracy—resides not in abstract ideas and abstracted intellectuals, but in countless ordinary people, with the ordinary responsibilities for the ordinary decisions of everyday life. If he is to fulfil his superb talents as a novelist, Mr. Koestler should take a holiday from the politics of the intelligentsia, and learn, like Balzac, to enjoy *La Comédie Humaine*. Ex-communism is a sterile state of mind.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

AMERICAN CLASSICS

James Fenimore Cooper. By JAMES GROSSMAN. *Methuen.* 15*s.*

Herman Melville. By NEWTON ARVIN. *Methuen.* 15*s.*

Nook Farm: Mark Twain's Hartford Circle. By KENNETH R. ANDREWS. *Cumberlege.* 31*s. 6d.*

The volumes on Cooper and Melville belong to the admirable new *American Men of Letters Series*. Taken together they form an interesting study in reputations. It is true that scholars find plenty in Cooper to occupy them, but for the general public he is a somewhat shadowy figure. Cooper? Red Indians? Was there one called Uncas in a film, or was he in a book one read at school? Melville, on the other hand, has soared up out of the schoolroom; *Billy Budd* is the theme of a new opera; and not long ago, in a highly ingenious work, Richard Chase made Melville the object of the kind of symbol-seeking research that was formerly devoted to the Book of Revelation.

These two volumes will probably emphasise rather than alter the slump in Cooper and the boom in Melville. Mr. Grossman writes smoothly and intelligently; one after another Cooper's forty or so books are brought up to the rostrum, exhibited, evaluated and disposed of. When it is all over, and Mr. Grossman has neatly summed up, one is left with a mild feeling of let-down, as at the close of an auction-sale held in an old house that was rumoured to contain fine things. One had hoped to acquire something; the auctioneer did his job well; and yet nothing, for the brief time it was on show, seemed quite worth bidding for. Perhaps one should have tried for those five Natty Bumppos; but five seemed such a quantity, and would they have looked well with the furnishings?

A frivolous attitude of course; Cooper is certainly worth reading for the Bumppo novels, among others. Their charm is elusive; as Mark Twain pointed out, they are stiffly written, most of the characters are equally stiff, and the scenes are not so much visualised as imagined. They are curiously formal, tapestried, at times grotesque (as in *The Prairie*, when Abiram White, although his arms are tied behind his back, is nevertheless presumed to be able to read a fragment of the Bible placed in his hands). Their appeal, in fact, like that of the Waverley novels, lies in just this gloss of unreality; the landscape is recognisable but suppositious. It lies also in Natty's renunciations; he is the Peter Pan—though ageing—of the American wilderness. And finally, it lies in Cooper's narrative skill. He is worth reading, too, because his career "touches on almost every situation that can confront the American writer or that criticism insists on confronting him with": the wrangle over expatriation, for example. All of this Mr. Grossman suggests very capably, though in something of a hurry.

Why then is Mr. Arvin's book so much more satisfying? Partly because his task is simpler. He is preaching to the converted. Also, Melville wrote less, and more variously, than Cooper, so that unlike Mr. Grossman, Mr. Arvin has been able to give space to a discussion of his subject's style: a style which, as he says, reminds one of Browning or Carlyle in its galvanic energy, its volume and resonance. Mr. Arvin's book is indeed first rate. Beautifully balanced between biography and criticism, it presents a complete and exciting picture of Melville, what he was trying to say, and why. The chapter on *The Whale* is masterly. Melville's problem in *Moby Dick* was "to find the bridge between J. Ross Browne and Camoëns": to combine prosaic travel-literature—J. Ross Browne was the author of a book called *Etchings of a Whaling Cruise*—with the grander intimations of the *Lusiads*, or of *Lear* and *Hamlet*. The result defied classification and bewildered or bored the contemporary reader. Mr. Arvin, while warmly aware of Melville's greatness, is an admirer and not an

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infatuate. He admits the weaknesses—notably the soliloquies—even in *Moby Dick*. While paying due tribute to *Billy Budd*, some of the other stories and some of the poems, he refuses to share the current tendency to overrate such works as *The Confidence Man* and *Benito Cereno*. Instead, by analysing their deficiencies he makes Melville's achievement in *Moby Dick* and elsewhere all the more apparent. It would be hard to overpraise Mr. Arvin's own achievement.

Mr. Andrews's account of *Nook Farm* falls short of Mr. Arvin's standard. His book is earnest and painstaking. He has dug into unpublished material. His subject is a group of literate beings, Mark Twain among them, who happened to be living near to one another in Hartford, Connecticut, during the years 1871-1891. The opinions of the group on religion, politics, spiritualism, women's rights and so on, are well covered. It is useful to learn more of Twain's friendships (the Rev. Joe Twichell is a most attractive man), and to have additional evidence of the extent to which he strove to identify himself with his neighbours. But the book, like a waistcoat buttoned askew, is peculiarly *wrong*: an impression heightened by the author's awkward prose, of which a typical sample is this: "His point of view toward exactness of diction and preciseness of meaning was highly conscious." Perhaps the fault is in Mr. Andrews's failure to handle both social history and literary criticism within one frame. Certainly he is at his weakest when he embarks on criticism; exaggerating the unity of the Nook Farm "colony," he exaggerates also its literary "ascendancy" (ascendancy over what?) and strains to convince us that Charles Dudley Warner and the elderly Harriet Beecher Stowe were almost as talented as Twain. Other judgments avoid parochialism by being merely trite.

However—merits and demerits aside—all three books illustrate how difficult it is for a writer to grow old gracefully, since he is faced with the problem of a kind of interior death—that of his creative power—going on at a greater rate than the lapse of his physical powers. Twain grew tired of his audience; Cooper's audience grew tired of him; Melville, with no audience at all, yet arrived at a tranquillity denied to either. All kinds of morals may be drawn from that fact.

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NEW NOVELS

Darkness and Day. By I. COMPTON-BURNETT. *Gollancz*. 10s. 6d.

A Dog's Head. By JEAN DUTOURD. *Lehmann*. 8s. 6d.

The Passionate Shepherd. By CLARE SIMON. *Collins*. 9s. 6d.

Miss Ivy Compton-Burnett's new novel aspires to or is on the right line towards—both phrases are much in favour with her characters—the pattern of its distinguished predecessors. The author has triumphed once again, and within the closed and perfect circle of her art the domestic inferno rages merrily with its accustomed intensity. Yet the metaphor is inapt. Even in a pejorative sense there is nothing warm about Miss Compton-Burnett's Gehenna. Her customary conventions—Greek tragedy in a mid-Victorian setting—inevitably suggest toads, damp fires and water dripping over lichened stone rather than the unquenchable blaze and the undying worm.

Darkness and Day is set in a bleak Ultima Thule of the emotions, where the moral view expands as the heart diminishes. Though she is not primarily a moralist, Miss Compton-Burnett is intoxicated with the moral *aperçu*. Almost every one of those hard, bright epigrammatic phrases flashing like black jet contains a statement on life or conduct. It is the same all through the house: in the drawing room, the servants' hall, upstairs in the nursery, children and adults are busy bandying adjurations, prohibitions and categorical imperatives. Though they revel in waspish repartee, the characters seldom dissect each other, preferring, rather, to reveal themselves through a succession of ethical approximations. Sitting over kitchen teacups, the cook, the butler, the boots and the two housemaids turn from discussing their betters to wallow in the luxuries of personal affirmation:

"I have ceased from demands," said Alice.
"I can face the unbroken round."
"I have seldom made them," said Ambrose.
"Having learned early their emptiness."
"I have always rather liked things as they are," said Tabby.
"A brave speech, Tabby, though you may not know it."
"Or a resigned attitude," said Bartle.

Upstairs the usual jungle feud is in progress:

"Now do you know," said Mildred, looking away from them towards the window, "that you are being very unkind?"
"Governesses and children are always unkind to each other," said Viola.
"They are natural enemies," said Rose.
"You poor little souls!" said Mildred.
"We are not," said Rose, looking up. "We are just the same as you are. We are less poor, because you haven't a real home. And we don't mean money poorness. We both know that isn't the only kind."

If, after this, it seems paradoxical to say that Miss Compton-Burnett is not primarily a moralist, I mean by this that she appears to do without that moral vantage-point which served Henry James in his later period, for example, as a magnetic north. Her characters are obsessed by the flight of time and seem to act and converse in the shadow of a huge hour-glass. In some, selfishness becomes almost poetic, in all, the highest quality is resignation. The dead hand of ingenuous cunning hangs as much over the children as the adults. Lying in bed, they discuss their prayers:

"May I be forgiven and saved," said Viola, with a perfunctory similar movement. "It was a good idea, wasn't it?"
"Yes, it takes in everybody . . ."
"Wouldn't it just do to say 'May I be saved'?"
"No, we ought to show a feeling of sin. We must not think only of our own side."

When his friend tells Sir Random Chase "I shall be a lonely man when you are gone," the old man answers, "I am glad to feel you will suffer. I wish I could be somewhere where I could witness the suffering. I wish, anyhow, that I could believe that I should. But I have no religious hope." Miss Compton-Burnett's awareness of the human abyss is so intense that one sometimes feels she must surely break through the framework of her own irony. That she never does so and that she remains the supreme personal ironist of her age is due to discretion, that great passive quality which, though it fits some writers like a strait-jacket, others wear as an aegis.

A Dog's Head is the story of a sensitive, average young man who happens to be born with the head of a spaniel. Such a theme is best handled by a Frenchman and M. Dutourd, a young writer who has not read his Voltaire negligently, wrings the last drop of irony out of it. He spares his hero and the reader nothing, and we follow Philippe and his deformity through every kind of public and private situation—at school, in the army, as a bank clerk, on the Bourse, making love and, above all, in his peculiar and complicated relationships with poodles and Great Danes. Pathos, in the conventional tradition, is only used to heighten the comedy. At times, reading Ovid's *Metamorphoses* in his library, Philippe becomes reconciled to his canine condition. But when, grown suicidal at the insults and injuries he arouses, he decides to take veronal, he looks at himself in the mirror and realises with painful joy that, "my despair is not a dog's despair!" A heartless and extremely witty book which would seem to lose little or nothing in Mr. Robin Chancellor's admirable translation.

Miss Clare Simon wrote *The Passionate Shepherd* before her eighteenth birthday and her publishers, as Brougham remarked of Byron, have been "peculiarly forward in pleading minority." "It is," Brougham added, "a plea available only to the defendant . . . perhaps, however, all he tells us about his youth is rather with a view to increase our wonder than to soften our censures." Miss Simon has no need of special pleading. Apart from a dash of that hesitant charm which every essaying authoress shares with Fanny Burney ("I am perfectly aware," she writes "that to introduce a pure single 'type' has become unfashionable"), this story of a Roman Catholic priest's love affair and ultimate marriage with an Irish widow might have been written by any of Miss Simon's veteran compeers in the field of magazine fiction. It is slick, journalistically effective and full of a jolly, religious freemasonry ("Saint Zita told me how to boil eggs and how to serve them. But, somehow, she was vague about eggs and bacon.") It is also tasteless, shrilly precocious and, I feel, personally, profoundly unpleasant. One is not so much worried by Kenneth the priest or by Mrs. Cassidy, who both fail to emerge from the chrysalis of the woman's serial, but rather by the general tone of coy promiscuity that pervades the book. A host of literary examples, from Jane Austen to Raymond Radiguet, go to prove that young authors, like Lady Bracknell's young men, should know either everything or nothing. Because of her obvious gifts of competence and exuberance Miss Simon will be faced earlier than most with having to make the artistic choice between the slippery descent and the more excellent way.

JOHN RAYMOND

HOWLERS ON VIEW

Good English—How to Write It. By G. H. VALLINS. *Pan Books*. 2s.

In *The Times* of February 15, the Director of the British Institute of Public Opinion explained why people undervalue the Gallup poll report. "Couched in statistical terms," he said, "most people fail to recognise that it is in fact an explanation." It was the thought of those people sprawling indolently among tall-growing statistical terms that made Mr. Vallins's book topical for me. I opened it at page 170 (Jargon, Cliché and Figure):

"Since then the snowball of knowledge has swept relentlessly on, stamping with each year another rivet of reliability and craftsmanship into the name of . . ." I love these things. I turned to page 1 and read steadily through the best anthology of literary lapses since Fowler's merciless *The King's English*—which made Andrew Lang "afraid to put pen to paper."

Mr. Vallins has tried, he says, to make the reader sensitive to good English by giving examples of bad. He has taken his examples (without giving chapter and verse) from the *Times*, the *Observer*, the *Times Educational* and *Literary Supplements*, the *New Statesman*, *Time and Tide*, and *John o' London's Weekly*. And it is grimly obvious that he has not cheated, though in my own case there was a welcome slackening of tension when I got to the last page and could say that none of my own howlers were (was) exhibited.

Much of the agitation for plain English, he concedes, is wrong-headed and fatuous. When changes in the language are made or advocated deliberately, as by Sir Ernest Gowers in *Plain Words* or Professor B. Ifor Evans in *The Use of English*, they are "apt to give rise to a jargon as artificial in its bluntness and simplicity as the original is supposed to be in its wordiness and circumlocution." So he goes for Sir Ernest Gowers's "cult of plain English," which, he says, is doing much to dismay the reader who has a regard for the principles of the living language; and he does not scruple to bring up again the fact that Sir Ernest himself, in the opening sentences of *Plain Words*, said (and never will he be allowed to forget it) that some of the civil servants to whom his book was addressed might consider it "a work of supererogation."

I must admit that *Plain Words* seemed to me an attempt to get the language moving of its own volition, rather than a deliberate prescription of effort. But it is good that there should be these watchdogs, even though they bark as amiably as Mr. Vallins—who has thoroughly enjoyed himself. He makes the reader enjoy himself, too; and invites him then to turn his critical attention to the text of the book. "I hope his search for errors," says Mr. Vallins, "will be a long and difficult one, but I fear it will not be in vain." Apart from questions of preference about punctuation and parentheses and a "misquote" from Milton on page 168, mine was in vain.

C. H. ROLPH

MERRIE LITTLE ENGLANDER

Robert Blatchford: Portrait of an Englishman. By LAURENCE THOMPSON. *Gollancz*. 16*s*.

This is a generation which never knew the *Clarion* as Robert Blatchford made it. Though he lived on until 1943, he properly belongs among the pioneers of British Socialism, along with Morris, Hardie and Hyndman. He is not remembered as he became in the end, an old man growing roses in Sussex, an enthusiast for Fordism, an elector who preferred Stanley Baldwin to the Labour Party he helped to create. The world in which Blatchford mattered was peopled with suffragettes and strikers—"I always think and argue with a slum-child on my knee," he once wrote—and his dream of Merrie England was the Utopia of millions in the darkness of Victorian industrialism. He was no theoretician. He took his doctrine from Morris: Socialism seemed the sensible answer to the problems and the squalor he saw around him. He was no organiser. He had no taste for a Parliamentary career or the grind and compromise of political leadership. But he was a superb propagandist. Morris, who was a poet, spoke only to a few. Hardie, single-minded, worked solely to weld small groups of the converted into a political party. It was Blatchford, more than any other man, who accomplished the wholesale conversion needed to give that party votes. He understood his part. In *Merrie England*, which eventually sold more than two million copies, he wrote: "My task is to teach Socialism, to get recruits for the Socialist Army. I am not a general but a recruiting sergeant." The articles and the books, supported by the crusading zeal of the *Clarion* and its host of clubs, did their work well. They helped to make Socialism a mass movement in this country.

Blatchford succeeded, in part, because he was a journalist who could speak the language of the people and articulate what they felt but could not express. He succeeded, too, because the conditions which made him a Socialist were also making tens of thousands ready to listen to Socialist ideas. In the North, especially, he was the man who stood for Socialism, who turned it from an arid social theory—Hyndman and the Social-Democrats were butchering its humanity with the knife of dogma—into living terms that made sense to a Bradford mill-hand or a Manchester engineer. What Blatchford's "Socialism" was, as the reader of Mr. Thompson's admirable book soon discovers, is another matter. To Keir Hardie, a sentimentalist himself, it was emotional and unrealistic, too much concerned with making Socialists and too little with the hard facts of electoral life. It was too radical for Ramsay MacDonald and too unsophisticated for the Fabians; in its vigour and simplicity, however, it appealed to the workers. Read Blatchford to-day, even in the short passages that Mr. Thompson quotes, and you feel the force in his writing. Doctrinal consistency is for the party man, not the agitator.

Blatchford had run away from a childhood of poverty to join the Dublin Fusiliers, and it was the Regular Army that schooled him in the humanity and comradeship that run through his work. It was also the Army, for all the pathetic and thoughtless relics of Inkerman and Balaklava, that schooled him in an intense patriotism, and, in the end, the dream of Merrie England was replaced by the nightmare of the German Menace. By conviction, Blatchford was a Little Englander. Until the New Jerusalem was built in Halifax and Huddersfield, he argued, leave the world overseas alone. England could, and should, feed itself. Self-supporting, stripped of an Empire gained by piracy, rich in its culture and its natural beauty, unencumbered by foreign alliances, this could be the land which the traveller saw in *News From Nowhere*. And this, for Blatchford, was true patriotism. But patriotism also meant support for the Boer War, for conscription, meant his obsession about the Kaiser and his satisfaction when war ultimately came in 1914. It was a strange combination, and one that made him a bothersome comrade in a movement which was for the most part pacifist and internationalist.

Yet it does much to explain the secret of Blatchford's popularity. While the elect of the I.L.P. or the S.D.F. might fret at his inconsistency, these were the times of Joseph Chamberlain, when municipal Socialism and Imperialism cohabitated, and the ordinary worker did not necessarily sense a contradiction when he simultaneously believed in trade unions, nationalisation of the land, the Big Navy and the chicanery of all foreigners. Blatchford's mind worked in much the same way, and this was his political weakness as well as the source of his success as a propagandist. His career—and Mr. Thompson could have made much more of this point—tells us a great deal about working-class attitudes during the formative years of British Socialism. It even helps to explain why millions of workers should vote Tory, as Blatchford did in the end.

It is this riddle, partly of personality and partly of politics, that gives Mr. Thompson's book its fascination. He was well qualified to write it, for he is the son of A. M. Thompson ("Dangle") who, like Edward Fay and Blatchford, gave up a well-paid job on the *Sunday Chronicle* to found the *Clarion*. These men, as this lively book emphasises, were no tin-chapel Socialists. On the contrary, through the *Clarion* and all the activities it sponsored, they gave the Socialist Movement a gusto it has never since recaptured. They were not only crusaders: they also had fun crusading.

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torian's eyes, now seems more vital than it really was. But I suspect that, for all the suffering and squalor which made such men Socialists, they enjoyed their Socialism more. Their ideas may have been Utopian. They may have suspected that Parliamentary Socialism would legislate us into the Welfare State, but not into the Socialism in which they believed. They may have lacked any practical alternative to the Fabian-trade union alliance, for it is easier to agitate than govern. Yet one cannot read a biography such as this without a sense of something lost, for all the material gain of the last fifty years. Can we again, one asks, make Socialists rather than political reformers? Or is Socialism to be laid aside under the shadow of the Atomic War, just as Blatchford laid it aside under the shadow of Imperial Germany? The questions echo in a desert of expediency. Robert Blatchford may have been a muddled man. But a vivid personality, who makes people *feel*, can be forgiven much. This book should be read as a stimulant, as much as for its portrayal of a remarkable Englishman.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

The Foundations of Social Anthropology. By S. F. NADEL. *Cohen & West.* 25*s.*

Within the last few years, there has been a growing tendency among anthropologists to re-examine the theoretical assumptions on which their work is based. Much debate centres around such concepts as "culture" and "function." Some authorities consider that anthropology is only in degree less experimental and predictive than other natural sciences; others that it is not, strictly speaking, a science at all, but allied to history and the humanities. There is little agreement either as to whether social evolution is an idea that can legitimately or profitably be used in the comparative study of institutions. On these and related topics Professor Nadel writes learnedly and at considerable length. When he is holding the balance between rival schools of thought he is admirable. When he embarks on theories of his own, he is less cogent. The least satisfactory chapters are those dealing with social psychology. Professor Nadel denies that there is such a thing: *all* psychology, he says, is social. All the same he refers (p. 294) to "the borderland of psychology and social enquiry," which would appear to be social psychology in another guise. His reluctance to accept the Freudian theory of libido may perhaps be a source of difficulty in the working out of an adequate link between "two-body" psychology and the more complicated social structures that are the concern of the social anthropologist.

Selections from the Journals and Papers of John Byrom. Edited by HENRI TALON. *Rockliff.* 25*s.*

Follower of Behmen, friend of William Law and Warburton, inventor of a system of shorthand, Jacobite, author of hymns and genially incisive epigrams, Byrom is surely one of the more rewarding of eighteenth-century "characters." Yet though these jostling ingredients promise a good deal, they are reflected only mildly in M. Talon's selections from his private papers. Vivid passages, such as the description of events in Manchester during the '45, are not infrequent; but, somehow, Byrom's own personality remains obstinately veiled: systematic introspection is rarely an English, and by no means an Augustan, aptitude. The only intimate characteristics that recur—apart from the domestic passions—are a massive charity, both intellectual and practical, and an endearing habit of late rising. Byrom's regretful record: "lay till eleven," or "rose at twelve" contrasts amiably with the complacent "up betimes" of Pepys. This indolence and whimsicality explains perhaps why these journals and letters are somewhat savourless for the general reader, though interesting enough to the student. The book itself is a handsome production, while M. Talon proves a readable and reliable guide to the intricacies of Byrom's *milieu*.

Ownership of Industry. By HARGREAVES PARKINSON. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 25*s.*

It has long been obvious that, in terms strictly of ownership, limited liability has created a large number of "capitalists." The spread of industrial investment was always a subject which greatly interested Mr. Parkinson; and the *Financial Times*, of which he was Editor until his recent death, had arrived at the conclusion that there were over a million "investors" in this country—say, one-fiftieth of the population. In this book the results are presented of an analysis which the author carried out, by sample, into the shareholdings of the thirty large industrial companies, with a total nominal capital of £347 millions, which make up the basis for the *Financial Times*' daily share price index. What emerges is that the number of shareholders (excluding preference shares) in these thirty companies is 826,640, ranging from 146,100 in the case of I.C.I. to 3,340 in that of Murex. Of these shareholdings, 73 per cent. represent blocks of £200 or less of nominal capital value, and only 4½ per cent. are holdings of over £1,000. It must, of course, be borne in mind that the number of shareholders may be much less than the number of shareholdings, since the typical man of property will hold shares in a number of companies. The point of most importance made by Mr. Parkinson is that owing to the large number of unorganised small shareholders, who theoretically own the bulk of Britain's industrial capital, effective control can, in fact, be exercised by boards of directors without possession of more than quite a small proportion of the voting power.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,105

Set by Richard Lister

A committee has just completed the invidious task of selecting a hundred books by modern writers to represent the modern age in literature (see note at the end of ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT). The usual prizes are offered for a passage of not more than fourteen lines on this enterprise from a modern Dunciad. Entries by May 8th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,102

Set by R. K. Buchanan

Every gardener is familiar with the luscious and whimsical type of flower description favoured by certain authors—e.g., "This tulip lifting her skirts like a ballet-dancer . . . ."—"These jolly little fellows, the dwarf bearded iris . . ." Competitors are invited to submit descriptions in this style (including details of cultivation) of the dandelion, onion, spring cabbage, groundsel, bindweed *or* privet. Limit, 150 words.

Report by R. K. Buchanan

A bumper crop of entries that robbed the setter of a week-end's gardening hours. Thinning them out was back-breaking: final selection for the Show, highly invidious. Let us hope they won't wilt between choice and presentation! Every variety of bad gardening prose was successfully attempted—crazy-paving personal, goblin whimsical, seedsman's florid, yokelwise, cultured high-falutin, sexy-genteel, down to simple god-wottery. Here is a nosegay of the happier phrases: *Dandelion*—"the brass hat of the weeds" (M. B. Williams), "a ducat of delight" (Guy Innes), "pitches his bright pavilions across the lawns and meads of summer" (Brian White), "this *coryphée* shedding her golden robe and waving her gauze veil to the design of the great Choreographer" (R. S. Jaffray). *Groundsel*—"a galaxy of stars . . . a splendid seeder" (R. B. Browning). *Onions*—"Minarets in miniature, dispensing odours like prayers" (Martin Jordan), "The Dolores of the vegetable world" (William Chittenden). *Bindweed*—"hardy little fellow-traveller" (C. B. J. Feltham), "Nature's paratrooper" (several entries), "With bindweed in his plot, the gardener need never be idle" (J. F. P.), "tiny pale-pink flowers looking for all the world like members of a 'Peace with China' Committee" (Ernest Hall). *Spring cabbage*—"Leave them alone and in summer you'll have *lots* of lovely white butterflies!" (N. Hodgson). *Privet*—"He knows well enough he didn't come out of the top drawer, but his confident grin shows that he doesn't care!" (Allan M. Laing.) "How well you sum up, steadfast sober-sides that you are, all the best elements in our national character" (Stanley J. Sharpless). A guinea each to the six printed below: honourable mention to almost everybody else.

DANDELION

Ces messieurs petits et beaux, boasting by their name of ancient Norman blood, form charming denizens of any garden with their aristocratic golden collars. They delight to sport their toothed leafage on green lawns, where, even on dull days, they make a brilliant splash of sunshine that arouses wondering admiration in the discriminating passer-by. If your garden lies to the lee of a railway cutting or embankment, especially of a disused branch-line, you are in a particularly favoured spot for extensive cultivation. Annually you will be rewarded with a rich efflorescence. To ensure finer growth, you need only dig up these paradoxical little Frenchmen by the roots. They will respond with Gallic vigour. At seeding-time, they fill the air with delicate, floating puff-balls, drifting on the breeze like torn wisps of a poet's dream, drifting, mayhap, to other gardens, which soon will also gleam with their faery gold.

ROBERT MURRAY

A strangely underrated member of our herbaria is this swashbuckling miniature sun-in-splendour—very far from the etiolated enuretic his French *soubriquet* suggests. Proudly upspringing from his penetratingly vivid saw-sharp foliage, his honest jolly face outshines the marigold and outgilds the chrysanthemum. He is versatile, facile, docile. As befits one of Nature's gentlemen-commoners, he is at home in any *milieu*. He propagates readily: which of us has not assisted in the childhood rite of puffing away those gossamer-light parachutelets? His wine has been likened to a fine sarsaparilla of the more intellectual type. His flowers smile gaily in serried beds, though soon wilting indoors. His leafage is excellent salad stuff, with an intriguingly astringent tang. As soon as the plant is above ground, cloche with a flowerpot. Soon the leaves will be peachy-full and dramatically blanched—fit side-dish for a gourmet or main-dish for a naturopath.

R. J. P. HEWISON

GROUNDSEL

And don't forget to find a corner for that little gamin of the garden, the groundsel (*A. S. Grundeswyligie*). In my humble opinion, far too many gardeners fail to appreciate the goldenheaded mop of blossom and profuse green foliage of this really quite showy little plant. It is easily grown, in fact as long as you don't pull it up you will have no difficulty in cultivating it, but its roots are shallow so care must be taken in thinning.

And another thing—what memories it brings of that pet canary of our childhood days. So don't forget groundsel corner and if you can't give much time to your border you'll find your little friend a real help—he'll leave no ugly gaps to reproach you when you do get down to that bit of weeding which is, alas! always overdue.

M. A. PYKE

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suprisingly neglected by gardeners. Ideal if sown for delayed effect shortly before moving house. Though inferior forms are included gratis by some firms with seeds of other annuals, our new strain, "Alchemist," is abundantly worth its modest 3d. a packet—a veritable philosopher's stone. The demand is unprecedented, so don't delay your order. *You* can have your cloth-of-gold carpet too!

J. S. L. GILMOUR

ONION

The first thin green hairs of the onions had appeared above ground, as though the garden had grown a green moustache! No sign of their *rather shocking* genesis, when those innocent little brown specks, from which so many savoury dinners and so much lachrymosity were to spring, were sown in a plot that had been (hush!) bastard-trenched, and (oh dear!) liberally manured! Such defenceless little brown specks, they'd seemed, but now they'd thrust their little hairy tusks through the earth, and below them those *fascinating* white balls were putting on jacket after jacket, like so many little buried taxi-drivers, and soon those delicate hairs would be thick pylons, and those tiny balls great globules of vegetable succulence: until, with their last brown overcoats donned, and the beards of maturity dangling from their bases, these heroes of the garden would be ready to draw their annual tribute of tears!

EDWARD BLISHEN

PRIVET

Peeping through my window I am reminded of the common European Privet, that game little evergreen of close-knit leaves which grows so swiftly into proud prim hedges for our homes or, if unclipped, greets May with tiny spikes of roguish stars and offers Autumn darkling berries, tight and round as the buttons sold for shoes. *Ligustrum Vulgare—not* a very polite name, I always feel, for this faithful friend who smiles come wind come weather, seeking no stern reward for services rendered. "Just spare me a mulching now and then," he seems to say, "a hair-cut if you like me spick and span, and I'll never let you down!"

E. DOUGLAS GREEN

CHESS: The Best Move Ever Made

No. 82

In chess, no less than in life, one should beware of generalisations, superlatives, and sweeping statements; yet, since last week we looked at what may well be the worst move ever recorded—what about the best? There may be a good many to choose from, and definitions of "best" may differ as much as taste.

If it were a question of the most spectacular move ever made, no doubt, Frank Marshall made it against Levitzky at Breslau, 1912. For readers who have missed this famous game here is the position in which Marshall (Black) left his R *en prise* and put his Q into triple jeopardy by playing Q-KKt6. It is reported that this move so enthused the onlookers that they "showered the master with gold." The extent of the shower is not recorded; but it seems certainly fitting that such a move be rewarded by merrily clinking gold. A banknote or a cheque would seem inappropriate (unless, of course, it were a really big one). Readers who prefer their "best" move in a less flamboyant manner may wish to recover their breath by a glance at the position, reached by Dr. Balogh (Black) at Budapest, 1943. He played K-R1. Certainly a quiet enough move, yet no less effective a "killer" than Marshall's melodramatic stroke. Here too—as will be seen after a moment's inspection, the opponent's instant resignation was the result. I should be interested to see what readers consider the "worst" or "best" move ever made by (or against) themselves. The most amusing entries will be published and duly rewarded. A shower of gold, though, seems unlikely, however well it may be deserved.

A: W. Queckenstedt, 1922

In this week's competition, A and B have that much in common that a Bishop plays an important part in both studies; a heroic role in one of them, but somewhat frustrated in the other. White to win in both of them. Six points each would seem to be a fair rating. So as not to disappoint problem-addicts, C is a 4-mover, and quite tricky enough to rate 6 points too.

B: A. Wotava, 1944

C: Kohtz & Kockelkorn, 1907

Usual prizes. Entries by May 7.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set April 7

A: (1) Kt-Q6, P-B7 ch (best), (2) K-B1 !, R-K8 ch, (3) K x P, R-K3, (4) P-B7, R x Kt, (5) P-B8 (Kt) and wins (Queening leads to stalemate after R-B3 ch).

If (2) K x P, K x Kt, (3) P-B7, R-B4 ch.

B: (1) Q-B7 ch, K-Kt5, (2) Q-K7, K-R4, (3) R-B5 ch, Q x R, (4) Q x Q mate. If (3) . . ., K-Kt3, (4) Q-B7 mate.

But (1) R-B5 ch, K-Kt5, (2) R x Q, R x P ch, etc., leads only to a draw, and (1) Q x R ch isn't good enough either.

These proved to be rather more difficult than I thought. Only D. E. Cohen, C. Sandberg, A. Schneider got everything completely right. They share the 1st prize. J. T. Naylor and P. B. Sarson got near enough to perfection to share the consolation prize.

ASSIAC

SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Summer Schools: Glyn House, Broadstairs. August 11-18. "The Principles of Socialism." Director: G. D. H. Cole. August 18-25. Foreign Policy. Frensham Heights, Farnham, Surrey. August 18-25. "New Paths in Labour Thinking." Director: John Parker, M.P. Enquiries, applications: Schools Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

PROGRESSIVE League Summer Conference, Sept. 1-8, at Eastchurch Holiday Camp, Sheppey. Programme of lectures on social, political and cultural themes. Lovely unspoilt coast, good bathing, chalets. Fees: Members £5 15s., Non-members £6. Children under 12, £3. Apply Hon. Sec., 43 West Park, S.E.9. ELT. 1761.

HOLIDAY School of Music—Shrewsbury. Aug. 18-Sept. 1 (Vocal & Instrumental). Sept. 2-9 (Brass Bandsmen). Tutors include Alan Bush, Joseph Lewis, Dr. D. Hughes and Dr. Denis Wright. S.A.E. for prospectus to W. M. A., 17 Bishop's Bridge Rd., W.2.

SUMMER School in Speech Education, Furzedown College, London, August 20-25. Voice and Speech. Choral Speaking and Drama for Schools. Syllabus from Speech Fellowship, 1 Park Crescent, Portland Place, London, W.1. (Langham 5147.)

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SUMMER Drama Schools, Christchurch Studio Theatre, London, N.W.1. August (two weeks), day or evening. Acting Technique, Stage Movement, Speech, Mime, Make-up, Production. Rehearsals. Details: Mrs. R. Sansom, 6 The Keir, S.W.19.

SUMMER Courses in France & Italy—Cannes, 30 days, 38gns. (Special reduction for Univ. students.) Venice and Lake Gards, 21 days, 34gns, incl. Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. HAR. 1040.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

"THE way a novel gets written" by Joyce Cary, a new preface to "The Horse's Mouth" and a talk between Joyce Cary and Lord David Cecil on the technique of novel-writing in the current issue of Adam International Review. Subscription only (£1 p.a. from 28 Emperors Gate, London, S.W.7).

FOLLOWING our Open Letter to Morrison —Practical International Socialist Policy in "Socialist Commentary" special enlarged May Day number: Russia's Foreign Policy, Lucian Blit; America—Mid-Century, by an American Socialist; The Challenge of Under-developed Countries, Rita Hinden; Britain and Europe, Dennis Healey; International Economic Co-operation, Joan Mitchell. Subs. 10s. a year. Send for our copy to I.P.C., 7 Carteret St., London, S.W.1.

LYSENKO'S article on species. Also reports U.S.S.R. visits. Parker on plays, etc. Details education in factories. Anglo Soviet Journal, Spring 1951. Bookshops or 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. 2s. 6d. (post 3d.). Index Vol. XI, 6d.

"AMATEUR Stage." May issue Festival of Britain Souvenir. Contributors inc. Martin Browne, Fry, MacOwan, Olivier, Thorndike. 1s. 3d. or 12s. annual, 57 Church Hill, N.21.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

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UNIVERSITY College, Leicester. Applications are invited for the following posts: (a) Lectureship in Economic History. Salary scale, Grade I £800-£1,100, Grade II £500-£900. (b) Assistant Lectureship in Zoology. Salary scale, £400-£450-£500. (c) Research Demonstratorships in Physics. Sal. £300-£350. d) Administrative Assistant in Department of Adult Educ. (male). Sal. scale, £400 × £25 to £500. In each case initial salary will depend on qualifications and experience. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applics. should be sent by May 10.

BOROUGH of Walthamstow. Town Clerk's Department. Applications are invited for the appointment of an Assistant in the Information Centre and Advice Bureau at a salary to accordance with the Clerical Division of the National Joint Council's Scale: male, £195 × £15 to £440 per annum; female, £315 - £12 to £352 per annum, plus London Weighting (£30 per annum at age 26 and over). The person appointed will be responsible for the Information Service, and should have a sound knowledge of the functions of a Local Authority, the Rent Restrictions Acts and social legislation generally. Experience in interviewing and handling enquiries is essential. Applications, stating age, qualifications, previous appointments and experience, and giving the names of three persons to whom reference may be made, should be delivered to the undersigned within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement. G. A. Blakeley, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Walthamstow, E.17.

CITY of Leicester Education Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Resident Deputy Matron at the Committee's Hostel for Maladjusted Children, Moel Llys, Kirby Muxloe, Leicester, about June 1. Male. Salary Scale £230 × £10—£280 per annum. Possession of a Home Office Child Care Certificate will be regarded as additional qualification. Board and lodging will be provided for which repayment to the Committee at the rate of £78 per annum will be required. The post is subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act and the successful applicant will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications giving details of qualifications and experience and the names and addresses of two persons to whom reference can be made should be submitted to me as soon as possible. Elfed Thomas, Director of Education, Education Offices, Newarke Street, Leicester.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Assistant House Mothers required for work in small Homes for boys and girls of mixed ages. Candidates should have training or some experience of work with children, and should be able to join in their activities and interests. Practical ability in household duties is also required. It is not at present possible to consider for these posts candidates who wish to have their own children with them. Minimum salary £247 per annum, less valuation of full residential emoluments. Enquiries to Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

SOCIAL Worker. Applications are invited from trained social workers (women) for appointment as Assistant to a local organiser under the Mental Deficiency Acts and the Public Health Department. The duties include visiting and reporting upon mental defectives living in their own homes. A social science qualification, knowledge of typewriting and clerical work and some previous experience of social work are desirable. Basic salary £375-£500 a year, together with an addition of £10. Form of application obtainable from the Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, and should be returned by May 5, 1951. (455.)

BIRMINGHAM Settlement requires (a) Boys' Club Leader, and (b) Girls' Club Leader, for September. Interesting work with flourishing junior and youth clubs in good premises. Salary from £180 to £230 p.a., resident, according to age, qualifications and experience. Applications with 2 testimonials and particulars of 2 referees, please, to The Warden, Birmingham Settlement, 318 Summer Lane, Birmingham, 19.

A PARTNERSHIP offered in well-established modern N.W. London day school. Either take responsibility for (a) country boarding house accommodating 30 children attending day school, or (b) Kindergarten Dept. of 50. Small capital reqd. Box 3042.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PERSONNEL Assistant. A vacancy exists in medium-sized Engineering concern in the Midlands for a young man to assist generally in the work of the Personnel Department, and to give special attention to the problem of training semi-skilled operators. A good general education and an appreciation of the human factor in Industry are essential; experience of Job Analysis would be an advantage. Apply Box 2847.

TRAINEE Personnel Officer (female) required by well-known fashion house. Applicants should be between ages of 21/30 and must be prepared to work anywhere in England. Social Sci. Diploma/Personnel Management Course an advantage. Apply in writing with full details, qualifics. Box 2903.

INTERESTING and progressive careers at executive level offered to educated women, between the ages of 25 and 35 years, in Personnel Management. Good salary paid whilst acquiring experience of methods and organisation, with excellent prospects on appointment. Comfortable residential club in London during training, if required. Suitable candidates must be agreeable to appointment in any part of Great Britain. Write with full particulars of present post, education, experience and interests, to Box No. I.P.955, 10 Hertford St., London, W.1.

CHILDREN'S worker and playcentre leader, female, required in August for large Jewish Settlement. Applicants should be experienced with children or suitably trained. Post preferably residential. Box 2746.

HOUSEMOTHER (salary £175 × £15—£250) and Housefather (salary £225 × £15 - £300) with full residential emoluments, superannuation scheme, required by Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood. Must be experienced in child welfare. Application form obtainable from Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Road, S.W.16.

MATRON required for infants' home (5-7), Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood. Experience in child care and ability to control staff essential. Salary (plus full residential emoluments) according to qualifications. Superannuation scheme. Application form obtainable from Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Road, S.W.16.

A VACANCY occurs for a full-time Pupil in the studio of a well-known Theatre & Portrait Photographer. Only applicants willing to undertake an approved apprenticeship of 2 or more years, plus home studies, and with imaginative potentialities, will be considered. Box 2912.

AN experienced and efficient qualified kindergarten teacher needed to take charge of Kindergarten Department of modern N.W. London day school (recognised). Burnham Scale. Box 3044.

NIGHT Warden required, five nights a week, an interest in social work necessary. Apply in writing to: The Warden, Hungerford Hostel, 25a Wincott St., S.E.11.

EFFICIENT Handyman for repairs and gardening, wife kitchen help, needed in May. St. Mary's Town and Country School, Stanford Park, near Rugby.

ASSISTANT Cook required from approx. July 26 to Sept. 3, 1951, temporary Guest House on South Coast. Numbers up to 80. Suit domestic science teacher or school cook as vacation employment. Box 3115.

WELL-known Voluntary Society needs full-time experienced Visitor. Write Box 4095, c/o Charles Barker & Sons, Ltd., 31 Budge Row, London, E.C.4.

WANTED, Club Leaders, one man and one woman, for Junior and Mixed Youth Clubs. Apply in writing with testimonials to The Warden, Bishop Creighton House, 378 Lillie Rd., S.W.6.

BRITISH Electricity Authority.—Applications are invited for the following vacancies at the London Headquarters. Shorthand Typists. Salary £150 per annum to £365 per annum. Copy Typists, Salary £129 to £339 per annum. All salaries quoted above are inclusive of London allowances, and the point of entry into the scales will be in accordance with experience. Appointments are permanent and are superannuable at 20 years of age. Staff Canteen facilities are available. Letters of application, stating age and present salary, and giving details of previous experience, should be addressed to: D. Moffat, Director of Establishments, British Electricity House, Great Portland St., London, W.1. Please mark the top left-hand corner of the envelope "AE. 156."

THE Council of Industrial Design requires an experienced Secretary/Assistant to Home Press Officer for period of Festival of Britain. Salary according to age, £6 at 26 (under review). Holiday with pay. Speeds required—shorthand 100 w.p.m., typing 40 w.p.m. Send full details of age, education and posts held, with dates, to the Establishment Officer, The Council of Industrial Design, Tilbury House, Petty France, S.W.1.

WANTED immediately, Experienced bookseller preferred, with work and knowledge of stationery to take charge of an established book department for North London Departmental Store. Excellent opportunity with good prospects for keen young man or woman possessing initiative and ability. Salary £6 14s. 6d. Apply in first instance, giving particulars of age, experience, etc., to Staff Manager (NSN), London Co-operative Soc., Ltd., 54 Maryland St., Stratford, E.15

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SHORTHAND-Typist for Publishers. Experienced and accurate. Salary accordingly. Ganymed Press, 11 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. HOLborn 8471.

A PLEASANT town and country environment for a superior married pair (not over 50), man to drive and houseman, wife housekeeper, some cooking. Mon.-Fri. London (inc. 1½ days off) week-ends country. Unfurn. flat town, flat and food week-ends. Comb. wage £7 10s (inc. gas, elec., cent. htg). Experience and references to Box 2757.

MALE Assistant Warden required for Save the Children Fund Junior Club in London. Age 22-30. Hours 5-8 p.m. Monday to Friday, some Saturday mornings. Experience of this work desirable. Application forms, by post, from Donald Sutherland, 20 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1.

PRIVATE Secretary wanted for Director of firm of Insurance Brokers, London. Please state age, exp. and salary. Box 2873.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SECY. (30), 5 yrs. leading literary man, reqs. interesting post. Box 2566.

DOES any organisation need full- or part-time services of dependable middle-aged man for modest salary? Considerable commercial experience, administration, welfare, interviewing, records. Now living mid-Kent. Own car. Box 2571.

DISABLED ex-Grammar School man seeks home employment. Write: J. Gilling, 37 Granville Rd., Barnet, Herts.

EXP. journalist (NUJ) will edit/assist produce mag., pt.-time/free lance. Good typographer. Mod. fees. Box 2756.

WOMAN grad. (Oxon), secretarial training, seeks first post May. Box 2790.

LADY, 20, fluent French, enjoys meeting people, sks. position. Box 2801.

WOMAN university student seeks employment July-October. Box 2545.

SOLICITOR (41) requires post in solicitor's office in South of England to increase experience (rather limited) of conveyancing and probate. Supervision required current practising certificate. Box 2564.

YOUNG man on long leave offers temp. services for expenses only. Social work to improve race relations preferred. Anything considered. London area. Box 2532

WELL-educated widow, child 3½ yrs., desires post as housekeeper with small family/professional person. Good cook. Country considered. Box 2432.

BURSARIES and SCHOLARSHIPS

WILLIAM Temple College. Applications are invited for entry to this Theological College in October, 1951. The College offers 2 Years' Post-car and Short Courses in the Christian Faith and contemporary society. Bursaries are available for students from the William Temple Memorial Fund, for further particulars apply: The Principal, William Temple College, Hawarden, Nr. Chester.

TWO Scholarships value £60 and £80 offered in Art and Music to promising candidates aged 12-15. Apply Secretary, Romsey College, nr. Romsey, Hants.

SCHOOLS

ANGLO-Swiss nursery. Children from 2-5 yrs., 2 mins. fr. Notting Hill Gate tube. Monthly terms. Tel.: Gladstone 5796.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day School owned and controlled by a Friendly Society of Parents and Staff. Nursery 8gns., K.G. 15gns., Junior and Senior School 18gns.

THE Froebel School, Datchet, Bucks., school of 40 children run by fully qualified staff and active Parents' Group. Vacancies now available for children 4-7 years, owing to extension of day classes. No boarding vacancies. Apply Miss Underwood, N.F.U. Datchet 89.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed. B.

KENSINGTON Froebel Nursery School for children of prof. parents, 9 a.m.-5 p.m. 2½ to 9 yrs. Froebel teachers, catering by qualified dietitian. French and Dancing. Car collection. Weekly boarders accepted. Redcliffe Nursery School, 47 Redcliffe Gardens, S.W.10. Fla. 0489.

LONG Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent. Co-educational, 5 to 18. A group of 150 children and adults, creatively concerned with education, agriculture and the arts. Organic 200-acre farm. T.T. herd. Directors: J. C. Guinness, B.A., Karis Guinness (Dalcroze), R. G. H. Job, B. Sc.

ODAM Hill School; a friendly beginning for boys and girls(4-13). Animal care, riding, etc., on Children's Farm. Enqs., particulars from parents abroad. R. A. Falkner and Mrs. Falkner, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

THE Middle Way in Education has been practised for the last 3 years with very promising results at a Preparatory School for boys and girls on the Suffolk coast. Progressive methods have made for mental freedom without sacrificing good manners, a high standard of work and general cleanliness. Exceptionally good food and very pleasant background. Pinewoods & sea. Prosp.: Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

WHERE TO STAY

"ASHLEY Courtenay Recommended," is your guarantee of a good hotel irrespective of size. A descriptive account of some 550 of his personally inspected and recommended hotels, will be found in the new edition of "Let's Halt Awhile in Britain." Price 8s. 6d. from your bookseller, or 9s. (post free) from Ashley Courtenay, Ltd. (Dept. N.S.), 68 St. James's St., London, S.W.1.

HASTINGS 4571. Reputed for congenial guests, with broad outlook, excel. meals, lovely gardens, ideal position. Summer: 4½-6gns. Recom. Labour Party. "Continental," 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.

CAP d'Antibes. Lady takes paying guests in well-furnished villa; superb abundant food, comfortable beds, h. & c. bedrooms, bedside lamps. Magnificent views sea, Alps 5 mins. easy walk sands/bathing. Box 2226.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor: Farm produce. Cream. Surf-bathing Polzeath Golf Rock. Cornwall's loveliest beaches Port Isaac 207.

GLORIOUS Cotswolds. Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham, Oxon. Comfortable, good food. Excellent centre.

LAKE District. For those who appreciate excellent cooking, Woodlands Guest House, Lakeside, Via Ulverston, Lancs. Beautiful position overlooking Lake Windermere. Log fires. Home produce. Write for booklet.

THOSE needing physical or mental recuperation will find peace, comfort and beauty in a Co.nish Country House, facing South overlooking sea, secluded lawns and gardens. Excellent library. Home farm produce, exquisitely prepared by Belgian cook. Trains can be met at Plymouth. Box 2455.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac. Really one of Cornwall's Gems. Stay at The Lawns Hotel where food and comfort matter. Unrivalled position overlooking bay. Running water in all bedrooms. Terms 4½-6gns. weekly. Write for brochure or Phone 291.

THE 4-Power Conference should be held in Chagford, because the Cream of Devonshire will be there. For the first time, agreement on the best holiday will be UNanimous. Write for Brochures from the Secretary, Chagford & District Hotels Association.

BRIGHTON. "The Orient Private Hotel," Oriental Place, Brighton 224751. 1 min. sea. Separate tables, H. & C. all bedrooms. Sunny, spacious lounge. Exc. cuisine. Mod. terms. Highly recommd. Brochure on request.

STRATFORD-upon-Avon. Haytor, a beautifully appointed Residential Hotel in its own quiet grounds for the few who enjoy true well-being, who appreciate personal attention, and who would delight in the historic homes and villages which abound in South Warwickshire and the Cotswolds. A.A., R.A.C. Tel. Stratford 342011.

SWITZERLAND. — Comfortable Guest House for holidays in one of the world's finest spots (3,370ft); ideal for convalescence. 14 francs daily inclusive. Excellent cuisine, personal attention. Brochure: "Le Cerisier," Caux-sur-Montreux.

DEVON and Cornwall. Ideal for May holidays. Guest Houses Dawlish, Newquay. Free brochure 18: Bishop, Fairfield, Dawlish. Tel: 2151.

ALDEBURGH, Suffolk, golf, sailing, quiet guesthouse overlooks sea. H. & C. Comfortable. Vacancies May onwards. O'Sullivan, 29 The Terrace.

BOURNEMOUTH. "Erwood," Westminster Road East. Charming guest house. H. & C. all rooms. Near Alum Chine. Terms 5½-7gns. 'Phone Westbourne 61074.

EIRE. Quiet holiday in private house Tipperary Town. Continental cooking. Vacancies from July. £5 5s. p.w. Violinists, cellists preferred. Box 2530.

CONNEMARA, Eire. Seaside farmhouse accom. (Aug. booked); recommended 4½gns. wk. Mrs. Nee, Renvyle, Co. Galway.

FAMILIES with tiny babies made particularly welcome at Brewery Farmhouse, Great Mongeham, Deal, Kent. Cots, prams, high-chairs and babies' bath included. Plenty of well-cooked food. On bus route to sea 2½ miles. Mrs. Davies, Deal 1195.

BOARD Residence. Sea 3 minutes. Spacious grounds. Home produce. Brown Acres, Aldeburgh, Suffolk. Tel. Aldeburgh 319.

AUSTRIAN Salzkammergut. Lake-side hotel. h. & c. in bedrooms, balconies, exquisite cuisine. May, June, Sept. £5 p.w. Dr. Beer, 154 Westbourne Gr., W.11.

DELIGHTFUL country holidays from 5 gns. inclusive. Thornton House, Northiam, near Rye, Sussex.

SWITZERLAND. Hotel Kurhaus Grimsalp, Bernese Oberland. 4,950ft. Restful summer holiday. Lovely walks. Easy climbing. Ascents. Every comfort. Excellent cooking. Rates from 12 to 16 francs per day. Write for prospectus.

DORSET. Chatsworth Private Hotel, Upwell Rd., Swanage. 300 yds. from sea, having all modern conveniences, offers a special welcome for Whitsuntide. Phone 2123.

BRONTE Guest House, Haworth, Keighley, Yorkshire. Moorland walks with literary interest. Comfort, good Yorkshire fare. H. & C. Spring beds. T.T. milk. Village really typical of Yorkshire life.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

BLUEBELL Woods, bathing, grand river and moorland walks. Simple accommodation with friendly people; remote Pennion Valley. From 3 gns. Mrs. Roberts, Wheat Ing, Hebden Bridge, Yorks.

PEAK District. Centre for walking in North Derbys. Holiday accom. Mod. con. Nr. station. Rowbottom, The Warren, Edale.

APPLEBY, Westmorland. Garbridge Hotel. Lakes, fishing, golf. Comfort and good food. A.A., R.A.C. Write brochure. Tel. 71.

SWITZERLAND. Hotel Pension Lindte, Oberhofen a/Thunersee. Sm. htl. directly by Lake. V. mod. prices. Families welc.

CORNWALL. Bide-a-While Hotel, Port Gaverne, Port Isaac. A first-class hotel situated at sea level. Ideal for that early holiday. One visit and you will return.

HOTEL Lerchenhof, Mirders, Stubai, Tyrol, Austria. 40 min. bus ride fr. Innsbruck. Excel. cuisine, swimming pool and tennis court in village. Beautiful Alpine scenery. Pension terms incl. serv., Austr. Sch. 45.-, May & Sept. Sch. 40.- p. day.

WEST Sussex. Woodfold Hotel, Fernhurst, nr. Haslemere, Surrey, offers Spring holidays at reduced rates. A.A. approved. Fernhurst 276.

EIRE, Donegal Bay. Attractive holiday accommodation, good food. Manor, Dunkineely, Donegal.

EIRE. Achill, Dugort, Co. Mayo. Seacliff Guest House. Comfortable accommodation. Excellent catering. Situated on sea front. Terms £5 weekly. Apply Manageress.

BURCOT-on-Thames, Oxon. Croft House Hotel. A country house on river near Oxford. Club licence. Boating, tennis, archery, billiards. Station, Culham (W.R.). Tel.: Clifton Hampden 32.

EASTBOURNE—Park House, Burlington Place. Small hotel of distinction offering comfort, courtesy and excellent cuisine. Write brochure. Tel.: 3327. May 5-5½gns.

LLEDR Valley, Snowdonia. Picturesque house beautifully situated above colourful valley, but close Pont-y-Pant stn. Mountains. Easy access coast. Mod. con. Continental type cooking. From 6gns. Bwlch Bach Guest Hse., Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolw. 220.

N. CORNWALL coast, Cottage Guest Hse. Sands, bathing, surfing, buses, 5 mins. H. & C. No extras. Mod. chges. Clifton Cottage, Trenknow, Tintagel. Tel. 72.

BETWEEN Lune Valley and Lakeland. Georgian country house on wooded estate in lovely setting. Modern comforts. Home produce. Yealand Manor, nr. Carnforth.

STEANBRIDGE, quiet guest house in lovely Cotswold valley, welcomes people of all nationalities. Unspoilt country. Large garden; home-grown produce; garage. Breakfast in bed (optional). Finlayson, Steanbridge, nr. Stroud, Glos. Tel. Painswick 2312.

TREWORNAN Manor Hotel, Nr. Wadebridge, N. Cornwall. 16th Cent. Manor, in 18 acres of lawns and woodlands, adjoining bird sanctuary. Own fishing, shooting. Easy reach golfing & beaches at Rock and Daymer Bay. Own farm prod. Terms from 4½gns. Open all the year round. Brochure on request.

DARTMOUTH. "White Ladies," Stoke Fleming. Charming old-world country house, overlooking Start Bay, welcomes guests for restful holiday. Beautiful surroundings, good food, every comfort. Mrs. Edwards. Tel. Stoke Fleming 246.

MEET the Spring at Farringford country house hotel, or self-contained cottages, in the loveliest part of the Isle of Wight. Perfect comfort and service. A.A. and R.A.C. appvd. Fully licd. Details from Manager, Farringford Hotel, Freshwater, Lo.W. Tel. 312.

FOLKESTONE. 2 minutes from Leas. Comfortable house in beautiful surroundings. Spend your holidays on the Kent coast. Open all the year round. Terms moderate. Write 10 Augusta Gdns. 'Phone 2952.

COTSWOLDS. 17th century cottage Guest House; lovely country; exc. walking, motoring; good food; 4gns. Brochure: Tansley, The Yew Trees, Cockleford, Cowley, Cheltenham.

OLD Plow Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Here is a Hotel where you do what you like. It's friendly, comfortable and the food is excellent. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

BOURNEMOUTH. — Connaught Court Hotel. Tel. 1944. 33 rooms. 1 acre grounds. Every comfort. Superlative food. 6gns. wkly. 7-8gns. June onwards.

BOGNOR sea front. Pier View, Steyne, Bognor Regis Central. Board residence, every comfort, H. & C. and fires all rooms. Children welcomed half price sharing with parents. Good liberal table. Special early holidays 3½gns. June 4]gns., July 5½gns., August 6gns. Apply brochure or 'phone 933.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. A real rest in lovely country within reach Eastbourne. Own produce. Spacious grounds. Comfy beds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, East Sussex. Telephone: Horeham Road 32.

IN the heart of the lovely Lammermuirs, yet only 32 miles from Edinburgh. Rathburne Hotel, Longformacus, Duns. Home produce, excellent cooking, 3,000-volume library, trout streams, riding; children catered for. "Out of the World and into Longformacus."

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

HASTINGS, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Kendal Hotel, in Marina; on sea front; completely modernised, H. & C. in all bedrooms. Terms: Oct. to May, 3½-5gns.; summer, 5-7gns. Phone: Hastings 5110.

YOU must visit Cliftonville's charming Palm Bay Hotel! A few vacancies left during June to September. Facing sea, radio diffusion in every room, television, cocktail bar, and all modern comforts. Write for brochure or telephone Margate 385.

HOLIDAYS Woolacombe, glorious Devon. "Sea-View" Guest House adjoining 3 miles golden sands. Comfortable house. Moderate terms. Mrs. Garness.

SW. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Tom Vean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt.-Cdr. H. C. Salt, R.N. (Rtd.).

LONDON. "Wa.t Court." Earls Court, S.W.5. Quiet, comfortable, min. Tube (9 min. run Piccadilly, etc.). FRObisher 6492.

LAKES. Charming old mansion. Beaut. view. 40 acres grnds. Mod. furn. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

FOLKESTONE. Very comfortable small guest house. Cooking a speciality. H. & C. all bedrooms. From 5-6½gns. Nelson, 11 Grimston Gardens.. Tel.: 3454.

"BIDE-a-While Book." Unique guide to good hotels, inns, guest houses, in Britain's loveliest holiday counties. Post free 2s. 6d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

GUESTS received: large comfortable farmhouse, modern conveniences. Highly situated, pleasant surroundings. 4½ gns. wkly. Bemand, Upper House, Risbury, Leominster.

EIRE, Mountain View Hotel, Achill Island, Dugort, Co. Mayo. Ideally situated midst mountains and sea, good bathing strand; excellent catering; terms £5 10s. Mrs. S. H. Hoban.

THE Old Hope Anchor Hotel, Rye. Good food, soft beds, a warm hotel; radiators, h.w. in every bedrm. Apply Proprietor.

ACCOMMODATION available in lovely country house; vegetarian food reform; bedroom and sitting room, h. & c., gas fire, etc., 1 hr. London; suit business couple. Also single room for business lady or gentleman. Woolfrey, Arolyn, Stanley Hill Ave., Amersham, Bucks. Tel. 1334.

RYE (near). Comfortable, quiet hol. accommodation, country cottage, farm produce. 5 miles sea, on bus route. Grahame James, The Mill, Iden, Sussex. 'Phone Iden 205.

DITTISHAM-on-the-Dart, S. Devon. Late Spring and early Summer holidays in attractive old manor with modern comforts and conveniences. Situated amid fruit orchards and flower-decked lanes. Centre for walkers and motorists. August fully booked. Coombe Farm Guest House. Telephone 98.

PERSONAL

EX-R.A.F. officer (26), B.A. History, English, Diploma Soc. Studies exam. June, wants post London area (starting Sept.) during psycho-analysis for migraine, slight stammer. No serious neurosis. Interested all social sciences. Consider anything. Box 2636.

TUTORING wanted for convalescent boy, 13, working for public school scholarship. May to July. Establishment with other boys preferred. Box 2689.

MOTHER leaving maternity hospital some time May requires quiet accommodation, preferably near sea, for self and baby, also young child. Box 2811.

TEACHER reqs. holiday job with accom. for wife and child. All Aug. Box 2537.

YOUNG woman teacher, fluent German, some French, would like work during Summer vacs., travelling abroad. Box 2812.

YNG. lady living in West End nkt. evng. work reading/baby sitting. Box 2694.

UNDERGRAD. (m.) seeks temporary employment July-August. Box 2719.

CONFERENCES, up to 90 persons, can be held at Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Apply now for September and after. Warden.

DEVON. Country house suit school/group. June-August 15gns. p.w. All main services. Sea 9 miles. Box 3059.

AFRICAN parents of young boy under 10, desire him to live few months with English family anywhere in England, acquire language in preparation for entry good school. Box 2878.

YOUNG lady (painter) wants to study Art Coll., sks. room, board, May 25 in/near London against part-time secret. work, care children, teaching French. Write Steur, 9 Blvd. Jardin Exotique, Monte Carlo, Monaco.

YOUNG man motoring Italy Aug. 17-Sept. 4, seeks companions (m). Share expenses. Box NSN 952, L.P.E., 110 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2.

COUNTRY week-ends. Unconven. hsehold. would welcome tired Londoners. Just relax, sleep, eat. Fri.-Mon. 35s. sgle., £3 dbl. No extras. Old Vicarage, Hartford, Hunts.

WALKING Tours and mountain centre holidays. Programme from Ramblers' Assn., 48 (V) Park Rd., N.W.1.

WE specialise in seaside hols. (not camps) for boys & girls; send brochure: Junior Holidays, 69 Wigmore St., W.1. LAN. 2959

PERSONAL—continued

READERS of Norman MacKenzie's article in last week's issue of the "N.S. & N." will be interested to learn that Mr. Bassett-Lowke is co-author with Mr. George Holland of "Ships and Men"—a survey of craft from the coracle to the Queen Elizabeth —published by Harrap at 15s., available at all bookshops.

S.W. France: Small parties leaving May 12, June 30, July 28, for Courlay-a.-Mer; 16 days incl. 2 night in Paris—£30. Paris: Escorted party July 13-22—18gns. incl. excursions. Also Individ. Hol. Progs. Details: J. Robertson, 61 Fellows Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 1370.

FLOWERS, good food, good company. Small escorted party Amsterdam, Whitsun. Plane or 1st class boat 19-20gns., including excursions. Also escorted party Paris 17-20 gns. Allways Travel Service, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. Chan 6436/7.

SWITZERLAND. 20 to 30 per cent. off last year's prices. Here are a few examples of our 9-day tours: Meiringen £20 19s. 6d., Vitznau £20 15s., Lucerne £21 7s. 6d., Grindelwald £21 7s. 6d. Also holidays in France, Italy, Austria, Holland, Black Forest, and the Rhine. Send p.c. for full programme or telephone REGent 1352/3. Popularis Tours (Dept. N.S.N.), 6 Royal Arcade, Old Bond St., London, W.1.

PARIS—with a difference. Specially planned, flexible programmes for individuals or small groups to company with cultured Parisians. Sleeping in a comfortable hotel, you can, if you wish, see Paris as an unusually privileged visitor under the aegis of Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Place, London, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

CORSICA. The best value that you can have this summer: return air fare, London-Calvi (direct) and fortnight at delightful Anglo-French Camp de l'Horizon on the magnificent Bay of Calvi for £35 10s. Continuous sunshine, good food, perfect freedom. Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. Telephone: City 7163/4.

AMERICA—Transportation only, from £50 return. Sailings S.S. Charlton Star chartered by The Open Road, Inc. Rotterdam, Southampton, Montreal, from May to Oct. Write International Travel & Study Commn., 2 Littlegate, Oxford, for details.

AUSTRIAN Tyrol, Salzburg, Vienna, conducted parties July-September, 15½ days from £25, partly air travel. Inc. Box, 154 Westbourne Gr., W.11. Tel.: BAY. 5916.

HOLIDAYS in Austria: Would you like an inexpensive holiday amongst the Austrian mountains and lakes together with a small group of university and professional people of independently? Come to our "Austrian Evening" on May 2 and get new ideas, Austrian Songs, Film Show and Travel Forum on "Austrian Holidays." Details of this and of our holiday arrangements: Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

CORSICA. An enchanting fortnight under canvas amongst the pines by the Mediterranean. Perfect climate and wonderful scenery. Swimming, games, dancing, etc. Good food. By air from London, inclusive of 2 nights in Paris, £38. Also individual holidays arranged. Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd. (Corsica Tourist Office), 22 Bury Place, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

CHEAP Holidays in Paris. Bed, breakfast, from 8s. (3rd class), 14s. (2nd class) and 25s. (1st class). Luxury hotels not quoted. Personally met in Paris. Guides from 10s. a day. Book now. Count de Santi, 63 Rue Marcadet, Paris 18, France.

ISRAEL: Students wanting to travel to Israel during the summer should apply in writing to E.T.V.O. 8 Milk Street, E.C.2.

GO abroad for Health. The Continental Spas are again available. Regain your zest for life at one of the wonderful resorts included in our lists. Fully inclusive holidays at moderate costs. Dept. N.S. Spa Holidays, Ltd., 78 New Oxford St., W.C.1.

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PERSONAL—continued

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FRENCH Alps 10 Days from 17gns. incl. fare. Details of many inexpensive holidays from Continental Transport Co., 357 Strand, London, W.C.2. Tel. TEM. 9176.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, 92nd Season. Evenings, 7.30. Matinees, Wed. & Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable. 2s. 6d.–12s. 6d.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). 7 (ex. M.) St. & Sun. 5 & 8. Shaw Festival. (18 Plays). Prog. 1l. Mems.

UNITY, EUS. 5391. Last perfs. "Here Goes," To-night, Sat. and Sun., 7.30. "The Word of the King" opens Fri. May 4. Mems. 2s 6d. Adults only.

CROSBY Hall, Cheyne Walk, S.W.3. Shakespeare Stage Society. "Macbeth." May 14-19, 8 p.m. Box Off. 10-12.30, 96 Charlotte St. W.1. LAN. 0037. 5s. & 10s. 6d.

ASIAN Institute, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq., W.C.2. WHI. 3678. "The Post Office," a play by Rabindranath Tagore. Nine performances only, from May 8. Adm. 3s. 6d. and 5s. Advance bookings only. Limited seats, make reservations now.

GATEWAY Theatre, 103 Westbourne Grove, W.2. Tues., May 1, to Sun., May 6. Evgs. 7.45, Sunday 3.30 and 7.45. "Die Spieldose," by Georg Kaiser. Prod. in German, dir. Heinz Goldberg. 2s. to 7s. 6d.

HOVEL Theatre Studio, 23 St. Ann's Villas, W.11 (SLO. 1040; BAY. 2093). Abridged version Tchehov's "Three Sisters" preceded by Pinero's "A Seat in the Park," May 3, 5, 6, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d. Membership 1s. yearly. Apply Sec.

"MUCH Ado About Nothing." Tavistock Repertory Company Prodn., Tues., May 8th-Sun. 13th, inc., at Christchurch Studio Theatre, 156 (a) Albany St., N.W.1. Evgs. 7.30 p.m. Sat. Mat. 2.30 p.m. 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. Members and Guests only. Club Membership 2s. 6d. per season. Write or 'phone EUSton 7185 (after 7 p.m.).

BEN Uri Art Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Rehearsed Play-Reading by professional actors of a new Play, "The Stand-In" by Yehuda Haezrahi, with Robert Rietty, David Hurst, Golda Casimir and Harry Towb. Produced by Vivienne Jessel. Sunday, April 29 at 8 p.m. Adm. by programme.

NEXT (O.T.) Brush & Pen Club. Poetry Recital-cum-Art Show, May 5, 6.45, 33 Portman Sq. Roy Campbell, Alun Llewellyn and others. Some poets reading own work. Artists incl.: "Fish," Heda Armour. Tkts. 2s.: Odette Tchernine, Salisbury Sq. House, Salisbury Sq., E.C.4.

ATTIC Theatre presents a Miscellany: drama, songs, Spanish Dancing: Sunday, April 29, 3 p.m., at White Eagle Club, 2 Albert Gate, S.W.1.

UKRAINIAN Comedy. Korneichuk's prize play "Hawthorn Grove." Romance, confusion, love and laughter. Reading 7 p.m. Sunday, 29th. SCR., 14 Kensington Sq., 2s. 6d. (students, S.C.R. 1s. 6d.).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. Sun., April 29. 7.30. "Personal Column" (A).

EVERYMAN, Ham 1525. Until April 29: Post-war German comedy "Ballad of Berlin" (U). From April 30: Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, Duvivier's "Panique" (A).

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. Soviet Film, Spring. Thurs. May 10, 8 p.m. Tickets 1s. with s.a.e. to Percival, 19 Welbeck Mans., Inglewood Rd., N.W.6. B.S.F.S.

"IDOMENEO" (Mozart). Production by City Opera Club at Toynbee Hall, E.C.1. May 3-5. To reserve seats 'phone BIS. 6369.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts. Apr. 29, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. Concert in aid of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund. New London String Quartet. Hadyn Op. 74, No. 1. Beethoven E fl. Op. 127. Smetana "Aus Meinem Leben." Adm. 1s.

SOIREE Musicale. Today (Sat. 28th) 6.30-9.15. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Haymarket. Buffet 7.30 between concerts. Alexandra Orchestra (Cond. Denys Darlow), Ruth Fermoy, piano (Bach F minor Concerto); Isabel Sagg, soprano (Finzi's Dies Natalis), Roger Lord, oboe (Handel Concerto). 4s. at door. Director of Concerts: N. Choveaux.

MAURICE Hardy, Cello Recital, Wigmore Hall, Wed. next, at 7., Kodaly Sonata, Op. 8, and Bach Suite in G (both unaccompanied); and works by Handel, Howells, Scriabin and Rubio (accompanied by Laurence West). 9s., 6s., 3s., at hall, Chappell's, agents. Concert Direction by Nicholas Choveaux.

COMMITTEE for the Promotion of New Music presents its 127th Studio Recital on Tues., May 1, at 6.30. Chairman: Lyn Jones Gibb, 1st Speaker: Denis Apivor. 'Phone Gro. 5673 (3 p.m. to 6 p.m.) for details.

4 Festival of Britain Chamber Music Concerts 20th Century British Composers presented by the Y.W.C.A. in Queen Mary Hall on Weds. at 7.30, beginning May 9. Progs. from Box Office, Y.W.C.A., Central Club, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Mus. 7512.

VICTORIA Kingsley, Songs with Guitar, Cowdray Hall, Wed., May 2, at 7. 7s., 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d.; at Chappell's & Agents (Hall on night). Imperial Concert Agency, 20, Kingly St., W.1

PROGRESSIVE Business Men's Forum. Buffet & Ball, Criterion Restaurant, Lower Regent St., S.W.1. Sat., May 5, 7-midnight. Dress optional. Tickets 25s. each incl., from WELbeck 0136 (9.30-5).

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

SUMMER School, Bryanston. Aug. 11-Sept 1. Festival—Holiday—Teaching. Elisabeth Schumann, Gonzalo Soriano, Denis Matthews, William Glock, Earl of Harewood, Amadeus Quartet, Kalmar Orchestra (Cond., Roger Desormiere). Send stamp for prospectus to 29 Holland Villas Rd., London, W.14.

AUSTRIAN Evening, May 2: Are you interested in Austrian Holidays? You are invited to a show of recent films taken in Austria, followed by a Travel Forum on "Austrian Holidays," also Austrian songs and Accordion Music. Tickets including Continental Buffet 5s. 6d. from: Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN 0911.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Dance, Sat., Apr. 28, from 7.30-11 p.m., to Ted Macs Band. Licensed bar for members & Adm., members 2s. 6d., guests 3s. 6d. (refrs. inc.).

MAY Day Dance, St. Pancras Town Hall: May 1, 7.30. Dem. and Waltz Competition. Tickets 4s. at door. W.M.A., Pad. 8670.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (LAN. 6593). Celebrate May Day at a Social at 81 Portland Place, W.1, on Fri., April 27, at 7.45 p.m. The programme will include International Songs sung by the W.M.A. Choir. Dancing, etc. Entrance free. All welcome.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. May 1, 7.30, May Day Celebration. Czechoslovak Folk Songs and Dances. Song of Peace and Peace Dance. Film of Warsaw Peace Congress; commentary by A. B. Coldicutt. Chair: W. Millar.

INTERNATIONAL Dance Youth House, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1. Saturday, April 28 at 7.30 p.m. Buffet. Adm. 2s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED. A full range of Gagymed reproductions on show at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Corner Lincoln's Inn Fields). 9.0-6.0 and Sat. mornings.

THE Historic Plate of the City of London. Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, Cheapside. May 1-June 16. Weekdays 10.30-6.30. Admission 2s.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Evening Party at Tate Gallery, April 30, 8 p.m.-11. Pre-view to Exhibition of Henry Moore Sculptures and Drawings. Tickets 12s. 6d., including refreshments. Applic. by members only to C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., Old Bond St., W.1. "The English Scene": Important British Paintings from 3 Centuries: Romney, Constable, Palmer, Whistler, Sickert, etc. 10-5.30; Sat. 10-1.

TWENTY Brook Street. Re-opens May 23: Modern Masters and Artists of To-day.

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PARIS-Londres. Pictures recently purchased in France: Courbet, Corot, Degas, Cézanne, Monet, Pissarro, Bonnard, &c. 9.30-6, Sat. 9.30-1. Tooth's, 31 Bruton St., W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St, Hanover Sq., W.1. Recent Paintings by Jean Helion. Sculpture by Wotruba. Until May 5.

DENNIS James. Watercolours & Drawings April 25 to May 19. Paul Alexander Gallery, 190 Kensington Church St., W.8.

ROUAULT. Miserere Engravings at The Zwemmer Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Open 10-6, Sats. 10-1, until May 19.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St., W.1. Renoir, in aid of "Save the Children Fund & Youth Aliyah." 10-5, Sat. 10-12. Admission 2s. 6d

ICA. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Graham Sutherland. Retrospective Selection, 1928-1951.

INSTITUT Francais du Royaume-Uni, 17 Queensberry Pl., S.W.7. Images de Tunisie — paintings by Guy Roddon. May 1-13.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Gericault to Renoir. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London. A lecture on "Monopolistic Competition Revisited" will be delivered by Professor E. H. Chamberlin (Harvard) at 5 p.m. on April 30 at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

HAMPTON. W.E.A. Public Lectures. Sat., May 5, 3 p.m. to 7.30 at Rectory School, Hanworth Rd. "China Today." Otto Van Der Sprenkel of the School of Oriental Studies, Lon. Univ. and recently of Tientsin Univ.: "Modern Drama." T. F. Evans, Art. Exhib. Music. Teas. Adm. free.

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd. "China & the World Crisis," by Lady Selwyn Clarke. Thursday, May 3, at 8 p.m., at Gt. Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1. (behind Cumberland Hotel). Questions & discussns. Non-mems. 1s. 6d. at door.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (LANgham 6593). Ramble in Surrey for members and friends on Sunday, April 29. Meet at 10.15 at No. 1 Platform, Waterloo Station. Return ticket to Dorking.

SOUTH Africa Today. Guy Routh. Chair: Reg. Sorensen, M.P. April 30, 32 Tavistock Sq., W.C.1. Lunch 12.30, Mtg. 1 p.m. Tkts. 2s. 6d. Union of Democratic Control, 32 Victoria St., S.W.1. ABBey 3770.

"TO Be a Woman," equal pay film by Jill Craigie; and address on Divorce Reform by Mrs. Eirene White, M.P. Monday, May 7, 1951, 8.15 p.m., at 16 Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1. Admission free. Organised by Six Point Group, 6 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

WOOL Education Society. Lectures in London, Leeds, Manchester, Cambridge. Members receive quarterly journal "Wool Knowledge." For details of membership apply to Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Mon., Apr. 30, 7.30 p.m., N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "Social Aspects of Contemporary Art": F. Grove. Adm. 1s. 6d.

AMERICAN Threat to British Culture—visitors welcome to this Communist Party conference to be held on Sunday, April 29, at Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1, at 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. Visitor's ticket one shilling each from Cultural Committee, 16 King St., W.C.2; cash with order.

POALE Zion (Jewish Socialist Labour Party). May Day Rally at the Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Tu., May 1, 7.30. Spkrs.: Woodrow Wyatt, M.P., J. Haywards, J.P. Gildon Ben-Ami. Chair: I. L. Jezierski, B.Sc. (Econ.). Habonim Choir & Israel Folk Dancing Circle.

EX-SERVICE Movement for Peace. National Protest Week, May 6 to 13.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. April 29, Dr. W. H. Swinton, Ph.D., F.R.S.E.—"The Spirit of Man." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Apr. 29: The Masters of Wisdom.

LUNCH Hour Talks on Yoga, Caxton Hall, Tuesdays 1 p.m. May 1: Self Discovery. 8: Power of Thought. 15: How to Meditate.

BRITISH-Soviet Friendship Society. Edgware Branch. Ivor Montagu on his recent visit to Russia. Thur., May 3, 8 p.m. 133 Millway, N.W.7 (near Apex Corner).

BUDDHIST Society, 106, Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture, Wed., May 2, 6.30. "Reduction of Desire." Christmas Humphreys.

MAY Day: "Internationalism & War." London Anarchist Group, public meeting Holborn Hall, Tues., May 1, 7.30. Spkrs.: Mat Kavanagh, Philip Sansom, Jack Rubin, Rita Milton, &c. Questions & discussion.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall, Thurs., May 3, at 8. D. N. Pritt, K.C., on "Peace & the Attack on Civil Liberties." Adm. 6d. Org. by Hampstead Peace Council.

W. J. STEIN lectures every week at Kingsway Hall, W.C.1, on Saturdays at 3 p.m. on "Providence in History."

PERSONALIST Group. Psychology Lecture: Paul Senft speaks on "The Dynamic Psychology of the Group," Conway Hall, 7.30, Tuesday, May 1.

J. HENRY Lloyd: "The Problem of Personal Income." Hampstead Ethical Soc., 783 Finchley Rd., Golders Grn. (Regal Cinema Bus Stop), Sunday, April 29 at 7.45.

URSULA Edgcumbe: "The Shift from Ethical to Humanist." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2, Sunday, April 29 at 11 a.m.

WILLESDEN Ballet Circle. "The Sadler's Wells American Tour." Talk by Gillian Lynne, Fri., May 4, 8 Anson Hall, Chichele Rd., N.W.2. Adm., non-mems., 2s.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

9TH International Montessori Congress, Italian Institute, 39 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. May 11-May 20, 1951. Dr. Montessori will present new research on children from birth, 6.30 p.m. each evening. Study-groups each day on new work in all subjects. Open Meeting at Italian Institute, Albemarle St., W.1. Tues., May 15, at 6.30 p.m. with films and speakers. Apply Congress Organiser, 14 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. PER. 2665.

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of three lectures will be delivered by Professor G. Dumézil (College de France, Paris) at 5.30 p.m. on May 2, 4 and 10 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1 (entrance from Malet Street or Russell Square). May 2: Le système des dieux des Indo-Européens; May 4: Les dieux souverains; May 10: Quelques caractères des dieux romains. The Lectures will be delivered in French. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of three lectures on "Order Statistics" will be given by Professor S. S. Wilks (Princeton) at 5.30 p.m. on May 4, 9 and 16 at University College (Embryology Theatre), Gower Street, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

BRAZIERS Park School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxon. Residential week-end courses. May 4-6: Painting (simple materials provided). Literature study group. "The conception of romantic love," led by R. G. Faithfull. May 18-20: lecture-discussions on Social integration: Social effects of advertising & propaganda. Dtls from Sec

WILLIAM Temple College, Hawarden, nr. Chester. Summer Holiday Conference. Aug. 4-11, 1951. "The Christian Faith and the Social Worker." There will be speakers and discussions on Social Case work and Group work, time for reading and for expeditions into the surrounding country. Cost 6gns.

ECONOMICS. Twelve-lecture course planned to explain basic principles of economic science. Evenings 7 to 9. Begins April 30. Fee 1 guinea. Enrol now or ask for further information. School of Economic Science, 11 Suffolk Street, S.W.1. TRA. 6415.

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education. The Institute is offering in September a one-year course for experienced serving teachers of children under twelve years of age and for lecturers on primary education in training colleges, leading to the Institute's Diploma in the Education of Young Children. The course is recognised by the Ministry for grants. Further information may be obtained from The Director, Institute of Education, Kepier Terrace, Gilesgate, Durham.

BIRKBECK College (University of London). Session 1951-52 begins on Monday, October 1, 1951. Part-time (evening) courses provided for Internal Degrees in the Faculties of Arts and Science and for Diplomas in Geography and Psychology. Facilities also provided for part-time and full-time students reading for Higher Degrees in Arts and Science. Application form (to be returned by June 1, 1951, from: Registrar, Birkbeck College, E.C.4.

PRINCESS Alice College, Sutton Coldfield (a residential college for child care workers). Immediate applications are invited from women (18 to 35), men (25 to 35), and married couples who wish to study for a Home Office Certificate in Child Care and qualify for residential posts in children's work. Government grants to cover cost of fees, maintenance and other expenses available in suitable cases. Next course begins Sept., 1951. Write for prospectus & partics. of qualifications, to the Principal.

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WANTED: Typewriter, urgent, must be good model; Oxford M.A. Gown.

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